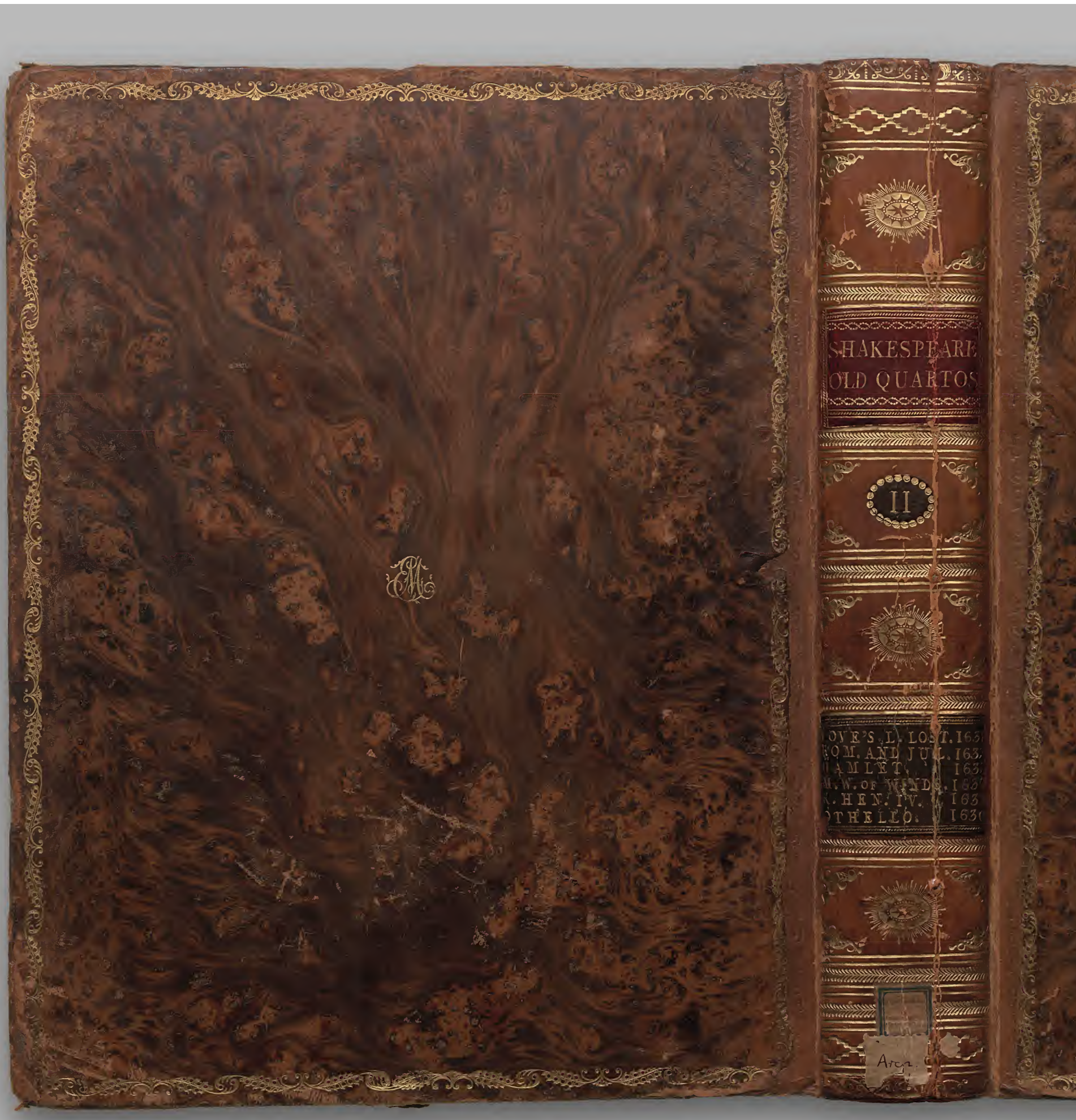

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Malone. 33.

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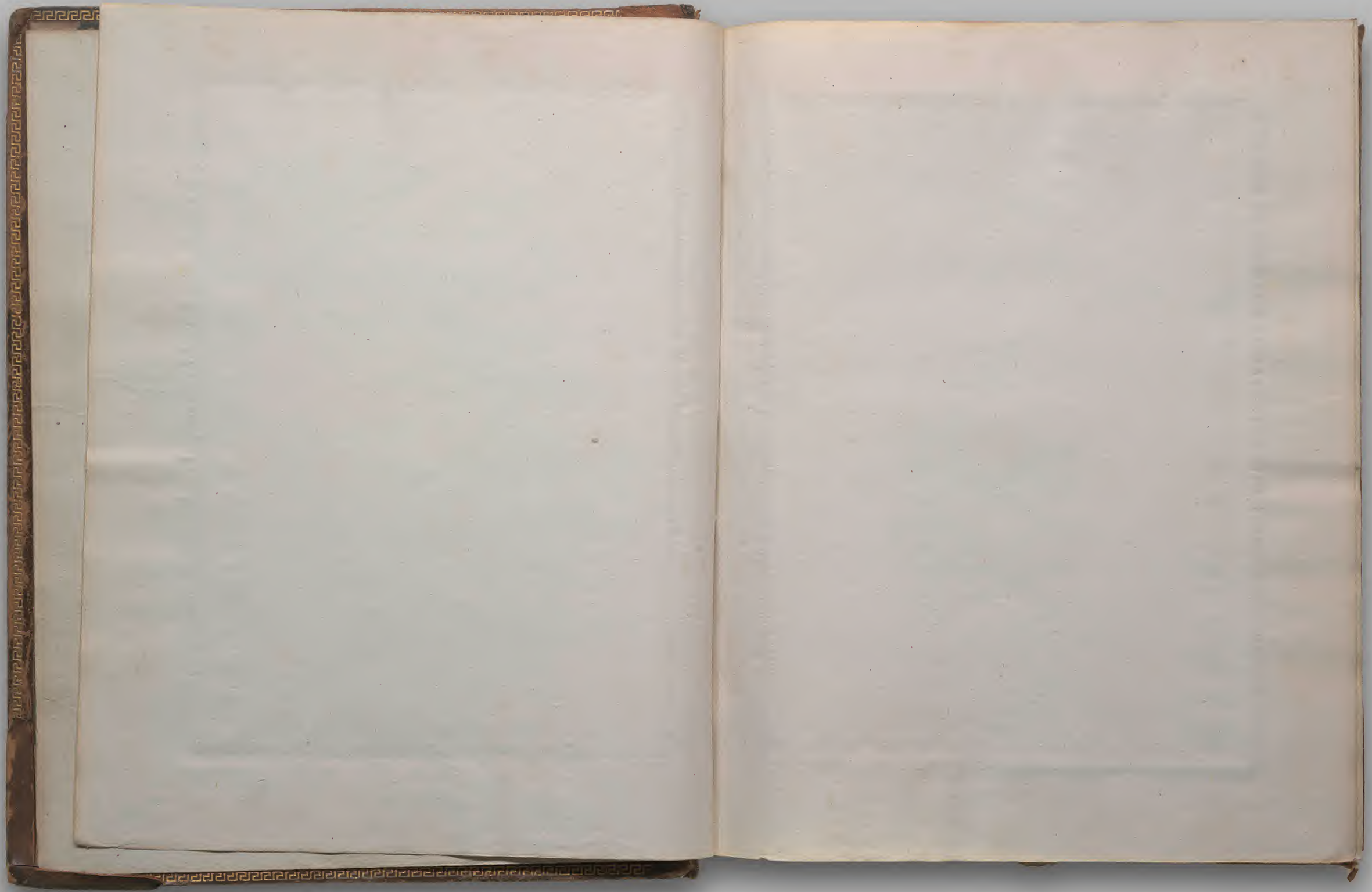

Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume II THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40) Octavo

Loues Labours loſt.

A WITTIE AND PLEASANT COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by his Maieſties Seruants at *the* Blacke-Friers *and the* Globe.

Written

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BODLEIANA

LONDON,

Printed by *W.S.* for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtones* Church-yard vnder the Diall.

1631.

Loues Labour's loſt.

Actus Primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.

LEt *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue regiſtred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th'endeuour of this preſent breath may buy:
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue conquerors, for ſo you are,
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds deſires.
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Nauar ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue ſworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow ſchollers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule heere.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworne to doe,
Subſcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

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Longauill. I am reſolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres faſt:
The minde ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and daintie bits
Make rich the ribs, but banquerout the wits.
Dumane. My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The groſſer manner of theſe worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe I pine and die,
With all theſe liuing in Philoſophie.
Berowne. I can but ſay their proteſtation ouer,
So much, deere Liege, I haue already ſworne,
That is, to liue and ſtudy heere three yeeres.
But there are other ſtrict obſeruances:
As not to ſee a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no food:
And but one meale on euery day beſide:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be ſeene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to ſee Ladyes, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleepe.
Ferd. Your oath is paſt, to paſſe away from theſe.
Berow. Let me ſay no my Liedge, and if you pleaſe,
I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay heere in your Court for three yeeres ſpace.
Longa. You ſwore to that *Berowne*, and to the reſt.
Berow. By yea and nay ſir, then I ſwore in ieſt.
What is the end of ſtudy, let me know?
Fer. Why that to know which elſe we ſhould not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from common ſenſe.
Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence.
Bero. Come on then, I will ſweare to ſtudy, ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I too faſt expreſſely am forbid.

Or ſtudy where to meete ſome Miſtreſſe fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or hauing ſworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If ſtudies gaine be thus, and this be ſoe,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nee're ſay no.
Ferd. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that moſt vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To ſeeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſely blinde the eye-ſight of his looke:
Light ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile
So ere you finde where light in darkeneſſe lies,
Your light growes darke by looſing of your eyes.
Studie me how to pleaſe the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe ſearch'd with ſawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue baſe authority from others Bookes.
Theſe Earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Then thoſe that walke and wot not what they are,
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
Fer. How well hee's read, to reaſon againſt reading.
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The ſpring is neare when greene geeſe are abreeding.
Dum. How followes that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.

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Ferd. *Berowne* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne Infants of the Spring.
Ber. Well, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the birds haue any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in Mayes new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, ſit you out, goe home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue ſworne to ſtay with you:
And though I haue for Barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne,
And bide the penance of each three yeares daye.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Ber. *Item.* That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this beene proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of loſing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentilitie.
Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he ſhall endure ſuch publike ſhame, as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deuiſe.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father,

Therefore

Therefore this article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princeſſe hither.
Fer. What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So ſtudie euermore is ouerſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.
Fer. Wee muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meere neceſſity.
Ber. Neceſſity will make vs both forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to mee:
But I beleeue although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quickere creation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine:
One, who the Muſicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauiſh like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate.
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight;
From tawny *Spaine* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I proteſt I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vſe him for my Minſtrelſie.

Bero.

Ber. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.
Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person?
Ber. This fellow, What would'st?
Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Tharborough: but I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
There's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Ber. How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare or forbeare hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clime in the merrinesse.
Clow. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following sir, all those three. I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put together is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner; it is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.
Ber. For the following sir.
Clow. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As wee would heare an Oracle,

Clo.

Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

Ferdinan.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, *my soules earths God, and bodies fostring patrone:*
Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.
Ferd. *So it is.*
Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true, but so.
Ferd. Peace.
Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.
Ferd. No words,
Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.
Ferd. *So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholy, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time when? about the sixt houre, when beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time When. Now for the ground which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is yclipèd, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest, surueyest, or seest. But to the place where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; there did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (Clown.* Mee? *) that vnlettered small knowing soule, (Clow.* Me? *) that shallow vassall (Clow.* Still mee? *) which as I remember, hight* Costard, *(Clow.* Om. *) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, ô with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:*
Clo. With a Wench.
Ferd. *With a childe of our Grandmother* Eue, *a female; or for thy more sweete vnderstanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed duty prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by thy sweete Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.*
Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull.*
Ferd. For Iaquenetta *(so is the weaker vessell called) which I*

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apprehended with the aforeſaid Swaine, I keepe her as a veſſell of thy Lawes furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that euer I heard.

Fer. I the beſt for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clow. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken with a Damoſell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clow. This was no Damoſell neyther ſir, ſhe was a Virgin.

Fer. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clow. If it were, I denie her Virginity: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid ſhall not ſerue your turne ſir.

Clow. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton & Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, ſee him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
Theſe oathes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne.
Sirra come on.

Clow. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, & *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperitie, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and vntill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Arma. Boy, What ſigne is it when a Man of great ſpirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir, that he will looke ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelfe-ſame thing deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord ſir no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall?*

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſigneur.

Brag. Why tough ſigneur? Why tough ſigneur?

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy yong daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough ſigneur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Brag. Thou prettie becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my prayſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quicke in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my bloud.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I loue not to be croſt.

Boy. He ſpeakes the meere contrary, croſſes loue not him.

Br. I haue promis'd to ſtudy iij. yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

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Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſum of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now heer's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe Wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinks I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweet *Hercules*: more authoritie deere Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampſon Maſter he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong ioynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampſons* loue my deare *Moth*.

Boy. A Woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell mee preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a loue of that colour, me thinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My loue is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are maſk'd vnder ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, moſt pretty and pathe-ticall.

Boy. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For bluſh-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which natiue ſhe doth owe:

A dangerous rime maſter againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet ſome three ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit growes heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muſt faſt three dayes a weeke: for this Damſell, I muſt keepe her at the Parke, ſhe is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I doe betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

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Maid. Man.
Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.
Maid. That's hereby.
Brag. I know where it is situate.
Mai. Lord how wise you are.
Brag. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With what face?
Brag. I loue thee.
Mai. So I heard you say.
Brag. And so farewell.
Mai. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.
Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Brag. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transgressing slaue away.
Clow. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Clow. Well, if euer I doe see the merrie dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he hast a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first

first and second cause will not serue my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my thought but meane,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base sayle of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
Prin. You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeeres,

No

No woman may approach his ſilent Court:
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needfull courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthineſſe, we ſingle you,
As our beſt mouing faire ſolicitor;
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On ſerious buſineſſe craning quicke diſpatch,
Importunes perſonall conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much while we attend,
Like humble viſag'd ſuters his high will.
Boy, Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vowfellowes,
with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longauill is one.
Princ. Know you the man?
1 *Lady*. I know him Madame at a marriage feaſt,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beauteous heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandie* ſaw I this *Longauill*,
A man of ſoueraigne parts he is eſteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely ſoile of his faire vertues gloſſe,
If vertues gloſſe will ſtaine with any ſoyle,
Is a ſharpe wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whoſe edge hath power to cut whoſe will ſtill wills,
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power,
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, iſt ſo?
Lad. 1. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humors know.
Prin. Such ſhort liu'd wits doe wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
2. *Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accompliſht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued,
Moſt power to doe moſt harme, leaſt knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though ſhe had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanſoes* once,

And

And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſſe.
Roſſa. Another of the Students at that time,
Was there with him as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the Limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer ſpent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieſt.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expoſitor)
Deliuers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play truant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauiſhed.
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſſe my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe.
Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addreſt to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: marry thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to beſiege his Court,
Then ſeeke a diſpenſation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled houſe.

Enter Nauar, Longauill; Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*.
Nau. Faire Princeſſe, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.
Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.
Nau. You ſhall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

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Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue ſworne an oath,
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forſworne.
Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why will ſhall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladiſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath ſworne out Houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And ſinne to breake it:
But pardon me I am too ſodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainly reſolue me in my ſuite.
Nau, Madam, I will, if ſodainly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'le proue periur'd if you make me ſtay.
Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber, I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſſe was it then to aske the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Roſa. 'Tis long of you that ſpurre mee with ſuch queſtions.
Ber Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Roſa. The houre that fooles ſhould aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Roſa. Faire falls the face it couers.
Ber. And ſend you many Louers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I begone.
Kin. Madame your father here doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe of an intire ſumme,
Diſburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that ſumme; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,

One part of *Aquitane* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one halfe which is but ſatiſfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendſhip with his Maieſtie:
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demands
One payment of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our fathers lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe, were not his requeſts ſo farre
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And goe well ſatiſfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receit
Of that which hath ſo faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe proteſt I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, You can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſumme from ſpeciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satiſfie me ſoe.
Boyet. So pleaſe your grace the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound.
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſight of them.
Kin. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſſe.
You may not come faire Princeſſe in my gates,

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But here without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health and faire desires consort your grace.
Kin. Thy owne wish wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*
Boy. Lady, I will commend you to mine owne heart.
La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La.Ro. Is the soule sicke?
Boy. Sicke at the heart.
La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good?
La.Ro. My Physicke sayes I.
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye?
La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife:
Boy. Now God saue thy life.
La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot stay thanksgiuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?
Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boy. A woman sometime if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light I desire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you sir whose daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.
Long. Gods blessing on your beard.
Boy. Good sir be not offended,
She is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a most sweet Lady. *Exit. Long.*
Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter

Enter Berowne.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Ber. Is she wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will sir, or so.
Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.
Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La. Ma. That last is *Berowne*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a iest.
Boy. And euery iest but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
La.Mn. Two hot sheepes marie.
And wherefore not Ships:
Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feede on your lips.
La. You sheep & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me?
La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though seu erall they be.
Boy. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be iangling but Gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed.
On *Navar* and his Bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still Rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Navar is* infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers in title affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make the retire,
To the Court of his eye, peeping through desire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see.
Did stumble with haste in his eye sight-to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:

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Me thought all his ſenſes were lockt in his eye,
As iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe,
Prin. Come to our pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.
Bro. But to ſpeake that in words, which his eye hath diſcloſ'd.
I onely haue made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.
Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes newes of him.
Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.
Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?
*Lad.*1. No.
Boy. What then, do you ſee?
*Lad.*2. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.
Song.

Bra. Warble child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.
Boy. Concolinel.
Brag. Sweet ayre, go tenderneſſe of yeeres: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.
Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?
Bra. How meaneſt thou brauling in French?
Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to iigge off a tune at the tongues

tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eye: ſigh a note and ſing a note ſometime through the throate: if you ſwallowed loue with ſinging, loue ſometime through: noſe as if you ſnuft vp loue by ſmelling loue with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eyes, with your armes croſt on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches that would be betrayed without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note, men that moſt are affected to theſe?
Brag. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?
Boy. By my pen of obſeruation.
Brag. But O, but O.
Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.
Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue Hobbie-horſe.
Boy. No Maſter the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and your Loue perhaps a Hacknie:
But haue you forgot your Loue?
Brag. Almoſt I had.
Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart,
Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.
Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will proue.
Brag. What wilt thou proue?
Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the inſtant: by heart you loue her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.
Brag. I am all theſe three.
Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Boy. Fetch hither the Swaine he muſt carrie mee a Letter.
Boy. A meſſage well ſympathis'd, a Horſe to be embaſſadour for an Aſſe.
Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaiſt thou?
Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe, for he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe,
Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.
Boy. As ſwift as lead ſir.

Brag.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall
heauie dull, and flow?
Boy. Minime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.
Brag. I ſay Lead is flow.
Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead flow which is fir'd from a Gunne?
Brag. Sweete ſmoake of Rhetoricke,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thumpe then and I flee.
Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, heere's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.
Ar. Some enigma, ſome Riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenuoy*, no ſalue, in thee male
ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no
Salue ſir, but a Plantan:
Ar. By vertue thou enforceſt laughter, thy ſillie thought, my
ſpleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to ridiculous
ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the vnconſiderate take *ſalue*
for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a *ſalue*?
Page. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *ſalue*?
Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make plaine,
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morall and doe you follow with my
lenuoy.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.
Were ſtill at oddes being but three.
Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?
Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's flat
Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a Bargaine well is as cunning as faſt and looſe:

Let

Let me ſee a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Gooſe.
Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.
Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?
Pag. I will tell you ſencibly.
Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*.
I will ſpeake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell ouer the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.
Arm. Sirra *Coſtard* I will infranchiſe thee.
Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Lenuoy*, ſome Gooſe in this.
Arm. By my ſweet ſoule, I meane, ſetting thee at libertie.
Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert emured, reſtrained, captiuated, bound.
Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Beare this ſignificant to the Country Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of my honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
Pag. Like the ſequell I.
Signeur *Coſtard* adiew. *Exit.*
Clow. My ſweet ounce of mans fleſh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three farthings: three farthings remuneratiõ, what's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and ſell out of this word.

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Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. I pray you ſir, How much carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marrie ſir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Caſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt imploy thee;
As thou wilt my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.

Clo. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after-noone:
Harke ſlaue, it is but this;
The Princes comes to hunt heere in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her whyte hand ſee thou doe commend
This ſeal'd-vp counſaile, There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O ſweet gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweet gardon. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forſooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humorous ſigh: A Criticke,
Nay a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes;

Liedge

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces,
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parritors (O my little heart)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his Colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germaine Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill goe right:
Nay, to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch balls ſtucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guarde
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well. I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſue grone,
Some men muſt loue my Lady, and ſome Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vpriſing of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a ſhew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords: to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forreſter* my friend, Where is the Buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

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For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.
Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, and then again ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, ſee my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glorie growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for prayſe an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſouraignetie
Onely for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Onely for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdues a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that haue no heads.
Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?

Qu.

Qu. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.
Clo. The thickeſt, & the talleſt: it is ſo, truth is truth.
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickeſt here?
Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?
Clo. I haue a Letter from Mounſier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.
Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.
Qu. We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art louely: more faire then faire, beautifull then beauteous, truer then truth it ſelfe: haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous & moſt illuſtrious King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the pernicious & indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*: and he it was, that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See, and ouercame: he came one; ſee two; ouercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Beggar. What ſaw he? the Beggar. Who ouercame he? the Beggar. The concluſion is victorie: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: the captiuitie is inricht: On whoſe ſide? the Beggars. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the Beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlines. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles: for thy ſelfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euery part.

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Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie.

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore ſoule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is he that indited this Letter?
What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.

Qu. Elſe your memory is bad, going ore it ere while.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantaſime a Monorcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you my Lord.

Qu. To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it;

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne* a good matter of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his Letter. Come Lords away.
Heere ſweet, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of Beautie.

Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarrie.
Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not neare.
Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower.
Haue I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*

Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marueilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A Mark, O marke but that marke: a marke ſayes my Lady.
Let the marke haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clow. Then will ſhe get the vpſhoot by cleauing the is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greaſily, your lips grow foule.

Clow. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweet ieſts, moſt inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were ſo fit.
Armathor ath to the ſide, O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare:
And his Page at other ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall nit.
Sowla, ſowla. *Exeunt.*

Shoote with him.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Ped.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in bleod ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the ſkie; the welken, the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle; the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epithithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but Sir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir, *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherеſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed doſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are booke-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Dictiſſima* good man *Dull*, *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull.*

Dul. What is *Dictiſſima?*

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.*

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiueſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd,

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epitaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd the Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurilitie.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the Letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
The people fall a hooting,
If Sore be ſore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he claweshim with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions, . Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of Primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I prayſe the Lord for you, and ſoe may my pariſhioners, for their ſonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath.

Nath. *Me hercle*, If their sonnes be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M. *Person.*

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Clow. Marry M. Schoolemaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good lustre of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile precor gelida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice*, *vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perroche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *vt re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and verie learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege Domine*.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, That Art would comprehend;
If knowledge be the Marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some prayse, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder;
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, O pardon Loue this wrong,
That sings heauens praise with such an earthly tongue.

Ped.

Ped. You finde not the Apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ouidius Naso* was the man. And why indeede *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: so doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaqu. I sir, from one Mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy dutie, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me:
Sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith.

Ped. Sir tell me not of the Father, I doe feare colourable colors. But to return to the verses, did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nat. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

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Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles: defile a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kills mee, I a ſheep: well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichollie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweet a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparant boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is he comes heer?

Enter Longauile. *The King ſteps aſide.*

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.

Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.

Ber. Why, he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Lon. Am I the firſt, that haue beene periur'd ſo?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makeſt the triumphery, the corner cap of ſocietie,
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp ſimplicitie.

Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to moue.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Diſfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This ſame ſhall goe.

He reades the Sonnet.

Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of thine eye,
Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deſerues not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doeſt ſhine,
Exhaleſt this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what foole is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?

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Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie.
A Greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatrie.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.
Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sackes to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.
Dum. O most diuine *Kate*.
Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted,
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I say her shoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sunne must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wish!
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumaine readeth his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is euery May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,
All vnseene, can passage finde.

That

That the Loner sicke to death,
Wish himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth so apt to plucke a sweete.
Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue *would sweare,*
Iuno *but an Æthiope were,*
And denie himselfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.
This will I send, and something else more plaine,
That shall expresse my true loues fasting paine.
O would the King, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers two, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe desir'st societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.
Kin. Come sir, you blush: as his your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much,
You doe not Loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd you fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one! O *Ioue*! the other cries!
On her haires were gold, Christall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue, would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* say, when that he shall heare

Faith's

Faith infringed: which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.
Ber. Now ſtep I forth to whip Hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What Grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene.
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King tranformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a lygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the Boyes,
And *Criticke Timon* laugh at idle toyles.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane?* or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foote

foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.
Ber I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaque. God bleſſe the King.
Kin. What preſent haſt thou there?
Clow. Some certaine treaſon.
Kin. What makes treaſon here?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.
Kin. If it marre nothing neither.
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together.
Iaque. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.
Kin. Berowne, read it ouer. *He reads the Letter.*
Kin. Where hadſt thou it?
Iaque. Of *Coſtard.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adrimadio.*
Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou teare it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.
Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it.
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.
Ber. Ah you whoreſon logger head you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purſes in loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is euen.
Berow. True true, we are foure: will theſe Turtles be gone
Kin. Hence ſirs, away.
Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, and let the traytors ſtay.
Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[1]) Octavo

As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree,
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde.*)
At the firſt opening of the Gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde.
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Maieſtie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtreſſe) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light,
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*,
O, but for my Loue day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſoueraignety,
Doe meet as at a Faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of Sale a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot,
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake of fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And gines the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O'tis the Sunne, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oath? Where is a Booke?
That I may ſweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

Kin. O Paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Deuils ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make black, faire,
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now.
And therefore red, that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To looke like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.
Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion cracke.
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.
Ber. Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare her colours ſhould be waſht away.
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomes-day here.
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.
Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.
Lon. Looke heer's thy Loue, my foot and her face ſee.
Ber. O if the ſtreetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lies?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd ouer head.
Kin. But what of this are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
Kin. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing, lawfull, and our faith not torne.
Dum. I marry there, ſome flattery for this euill.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the Diuell.
Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then needs.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[1]) Octavo

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomacks are too young.
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face,
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs,
From whence doe spring the true *Promethean* fire,
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp,
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinowy vigour of the traueller.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes,
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beautie as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eye,
With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our Learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out,
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauties tutors haue inricht you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therfore finding barren practizers,
Scarce shew a harueft of their heauie toyle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all Elements,

Courses

Courses as swift as thought in euery power.
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices,
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
When the suspitious head of theft is stopt.
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snailes:
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bacchus* grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Hesporides*.
Subtill as *Sphinx*: as sweet and musicall
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write.
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were, these women to forsweare:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
For wisdomes sake a word, that all men loue:
Or for loues sake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men, are Men.
Let's once loose our oathes to find our selues,
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charitie it selfe fulfills the Law:
And who can sever Loue from Charitie.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Aduance your standards, and vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,

 In

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In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing. Lay theſe glozes by,
Shall we reſolue to woe theſe girles of France?
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuiſe,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Ber. Firſt from the Park, let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Miſtreſſe, in the afternoone
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them:
Such as the ſhortneſſe of the time can ſhape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, ſtrewing her way with flowers.
Kin. Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.
Ber. Alone, alone ſowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iuſtice alwayes whirles in equall meaſure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forſworne,
If ſo our Copper buyes no better treaſure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Quintus

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid ſufficit.
Curat. I praiſe God for you, your reaſons at dinner haue beene ſharpe and ſententious: pleaſant without ſcurrilitie, witty without affection, audacious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie: I did conuerſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano, de Armatho.*
Ped. Noui hominum tanquãte, His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptorie, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maieſticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous, and thraſonicall. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odde, as it were too peregrinate, as I may call it.
Curat. A moſt ſingular and choyce Epithat,
Dr. Dant his Table booke,
Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbolitie, finer then the

the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanaticall phantaſims, ſuch inſociable and poynt deuiſe companions, ſuch rackers of ortographie, as to ſpeake dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt; d e b t not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cauſe: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it inſinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis Domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?
Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.
Peda. Bome boon for boon prefcian, a little ſcratch, 'twil ſerue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Videsne quis venit?
Peda. Video, & gaudeo.
Brag. Chirra.
Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace well incountred.
Ped. Moſt militarie ſir ſalutation.
Boy. They haue been at a great feaſt of Languages, and ſtolne ſcraps.
Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the Almes-basket of words. I marueil thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not ſo long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art eaſier ſwallowed then a flapdragon.
Page. Peace, the peale begins.
Brag. Mounſier, are you not lettred?
Pag. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab ſpeld backward with the horne on his head?
Peda. Ba, *pueritia* with a horne added.
Pag. Ba moſt ſeely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.
Peda. Quis, quis, thou Conſonant?
Page. The laſt of the fiue Vowels if You repeate them, or the fift if I.
Peda. I will repeate them: a e I.
Page. The ſheepe, the other two concludes it o u.
Brag. Now by the ſalt waue of the mediteraneum, a ſweet touch, a quicke veine we of wit, ſnip ſnap, quick and home; it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one pennie in the world, thou ſhould'ſt haue it to buy Gingerbread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maſter, thou halfe pennie purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O And the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard; what a ioyfull father would'ſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel*, for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Arts-man præambulat*, we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-houſe on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweete pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauillion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *Poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſureable for the afternoon: the word is well culd, choſe ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure you very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remẽber thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſigns, & of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweete heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpecialls honour ſit pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of traueli, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart I doe implore ſecrecie

ſecrecie, that the King would haue mee preſent the Princeſſe (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelfe are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your aſſiſtance.

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine Worthies. Sir, *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtants the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to preſent them?

Peda. *Ioſua*, your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this Gallant gentleman *Iudas Maccabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great limme or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon ſir error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, he is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing.

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge, not an Antique, I beſeech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will imploy thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the Tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

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Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Looke you, what I haue from the Louing King.
Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a ſheet of paper
Writ on both ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.
Roſa. That was the way to make his God-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thouſand yeeres a Boy.
Kath. I, and a ſhrewd vnhappie gallowes too.
Roſ. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.
Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heauy, and ſo ſhe died: had ſhe beene Light like you, of ſuch a merrie nimble ſtirring ſpirit, ſhe might a bin a Grandam ere ſhe died. And ſo may you: For a light heart liues long.
Roſ. What's your darke meaning mouſe, of this light word?
Kat. A light condition in a beautie darke.
Roſe. We need more light to finde your meaning out.
Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.
Roſ. Look what you doe, you doe it ſtill i'th darke.
Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Roſ. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Ka. You waigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.
Qu. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you haue a fauour too.
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay, I haue verſes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt Goddeſſe on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.
Qu. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Qu. Beauteous, as Ineke: a good concluſion.
Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.
Roſ. Ware penſils. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden Letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.
Qu. A Pox of that ieſt, and I beſhrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kat. Madame, this Gloue.
Qu. Did he not ſend you twaine?
Kat. Yes Madame and moreouer,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Louer.
A huge tranſlation of Hypocriſie,
Vildly compiled, profound ſimplicitie.
Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Qu. I thinke no leſſe: doſt thou wiſh in heart
The Chaine were Longer, and the Letter ſhort.
Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might neuer part.
Quee. We are wiſe girles to mocke our Louers ſo.
Roſ. They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and ſeeke,
And waite the ſeaſon, and obſerue the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes,
And ſhape his ſeruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud, to make me proud that ieſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.
Qu. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As wit turn'd foole, follie in Wiſdome hatch'd:
Hath wiſdomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits one grace to grace a learned Foole?
Roſ. The bloud of youth burns not with ſuch exceſſe,

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As Grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am ſtab'd with laughter, Wher's her grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches, arme, incounters mounted are
Againſt your peace, Loue doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The King and his ompanions: warely
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you ſhall ouer-heare:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a prettie knauiſh Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his Embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence Maieſticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou, but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue fear'd her, had ſhee beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder.
Making the bold wagg by their prayſes bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,

A better ſpeech was neuer ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb.
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried all goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter ſo profound,
That in this ſpleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly paſſions ſolemne teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to viſit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and dance,
And euery one his Loue-ſeat will aduance,
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtres: which they'll know
By fauors ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.
Queen. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and giue me thine;
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Fauours too, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by theſe remoues.
Roſa. Come on then, weare the fauours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queene. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their ſeuerall counſels they vnboſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayd, to talke and greete,
Roſa. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs too't?
Queen. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turne away his face.

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Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page, All haile the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe
Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne-beamed eyes,
With your Sunne-beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epithite,
You were beſt call it daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.

Boy.

Boy. Shee ſayes you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſſie told.
Boy. If to come hither you haue meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt,
Vouchſafe to ſhew the Sunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright moone, and theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds remoued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change.
Thou bid'ſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſicke then, nay you muſt doe it ſoone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhe's changed?
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
Roſa. The muſicke playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it:
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come heere by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin.

Kin. Why take you hands then?
Roſa. Onely to part friends.
Curteſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure, be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. Priſe your ſelues: What buyes your companie?
Roſa. Your abſence onely.
Kin. That can n euer be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſa. In priuate then.
Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Be. White-handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmeſey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen ſweets.
Qu. Seuenth ſweet adue, ſince you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in ſecret.
Qu. Let it not be ſweet.
Ber. Thou grieu'ſt my gall.
Qu. Gall bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchſafe with mee to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you ſo? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Pleaſe it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your Vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reaſon Lady why you aske.
Mar. O for your reaſon, quickly ſir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my ſpeechleſſe vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar.

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your ſelfe in theſe ſharpe mockes,
Will you giue hornes chaſt Ladie? Do not ſo.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat ſoftly then; the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keene
As is the Razors edge, inuiſible:
Cutting a ſmaller haire then may be ſeene,
Aboue the ſence of ſence ſo ſenſible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrowes, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſa. Not one word more, my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure ſcoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches you haue ſimple wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muſcouites.
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breathes puft out.
Roſa. Wel-liking wits they haue, groſſe, groſſe, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout,
Will they not (thinke you) hang themſelues to night?
Or euer but in vizardes ſhew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſa. They were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did ſweare himſelfe out of all ſute.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ſeruice, and his ſword:
No poynt (quoth I:) my ſeruant ſtraight was mute.
Ka. Lord *Longauill* ſaid I came ore his heart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go ſickneſſe as thou art.
Roſ. Well better wits haue worne plaine ſtatute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue ſworne.

Qu.

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Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will, they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses in this summer aire,
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture shownе,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie; What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they weare, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the reast.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons pease.
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,

At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of forme, Monsier the nice.
That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice
In honourable tearmes, nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweet.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euery one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the duty of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou.
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wish me better, I will giue leaue.
King. We came to visit you and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow,
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eye must breake my oath.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest;

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So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenly oath, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnuiſited, much to our ſhame.
Qu. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes heere and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſions left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſſians?
Qu. I intruth my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true. It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curteſie giues vndeſeruing praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſſia habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles: but this I thinke.
When they are thirſtie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Ber. This ieſt is drie to me. Gentle ſweet,
Your wits makes wiſe things fooliſh when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing, heauens fiery eye:
By light we looſe light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore,
Wiſe things ſeeme fooliſh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This proues you wiſe and rich: for in my eye.
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried;
They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Dum. Let vs confeſſe and turne it to a ieſt.
Qu. Amaz'd my Lord, Why lookes your Higneſſe ſadde?
Roſa. Helpe hold his browes, he'l ſound: why looke you pale?
Sea-ſicke I thinke, comming from Muſcouie.
Ber. Thus poure the ſtars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of braſſe hold longer out,
Heere ſtand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorne, confound me with a flout.
Thruſt thy ſcarpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wiſh thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Ruſſian habit waite.
O! neuer will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue,
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers ſong.
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearmes preciſe,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſummer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot oſtentation.
I do forſweare them, and I heere proteſt,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is ſound, *ſans* cracke or flaw.
Roſa. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: ſoft, let vs ſee,
Write *Lord haue mercy on vs*, on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you doe I ſee.
Qu. No, they are free that gaue theſe tokens to vs.
Ber. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeeke not to vndoe vs.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue.

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Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I doe as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs ſweet Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion,
ſome faire excuſe.
Qu. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here but euen now diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did reſpect her.
Qu. When ſhe ſhall challenge this you will reiect her.
King. Vpon mine Honour no.
Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will and therefore keepe it *Roſaline*,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your eare?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this world: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honourably doth vphold his word.
Kin. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Ladie ſuch an oth.
Roſ. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine
you gaue me this: But take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Qu. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke on't: Heere was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To

To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,
That ſmiles his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Ladie laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd;
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours, and then we
Following the ſignes, woo'd but the ſigne of ſhe.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Doe you not know my Ladies foot by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eye.
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a ſmocke ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leere vpon me, doe you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this braue Manager, this carreere
bene run.
Ber. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ſt a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord ſir, they would know.
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one purſents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not ſo ſir, vnder correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo.
You cannot beg vs ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we
know: I hope ſir three times thrice ſir.
Ber. Is not nine.
Clow. Vnder correction ſir, we know where-vntill it doth
amount.
Ber. By Ioue, I alwayes tooke three threes for nine.

Clow.

Clow. O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care.

King. Berowne, they will ſhame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policie, to haue one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his company.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth,

Ber. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man ſerue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one, my faire ſweet honie Monarch: For I proteſt the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna de la guar*, I wiſh you the peace of minde moſt royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Pariſh

Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in their firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſent the other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not ſo.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue ſuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ſhip is vnder ſaile, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clow. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to ſweat:
And trauelling along this coaſt, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſſe of France.
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey*.

Clow. Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the beſt Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worlds Commander
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, & South, I ſpred my conquering might.
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſayes no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.

Ber. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

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Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceed good *Alexander*.
Cur. When in the world I lined, I was the worlds Commander.
Boyet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander*.
Ber. Pompey the great.
Clo. Your seruant and *Costard*.
Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*.
Clow. O sir you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close-stoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueilous good neighbour in sooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisandar*, alas you see, how it's a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*
Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe.
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy.*
Ped. Iudas *I am*.
Dum. A Iudas?
Ped. Not Iscariot sir.
Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus.
Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.
Ber. A kissing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?
Ped. Iudas I am.
Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas*.
Ped. What meane you sir.?
Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.
Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.
Ber. Well followed, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

Ped. I will not be put of countenance.
Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boy. A Citterne head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.
Boy. The Pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.
Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.
Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.
Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.
Boy. Therefore as he is an Asse, let him goe:
And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.
Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boy. A light for mounsier *Iudas*, it growes dark, he may stumble.
Qu. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.
Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.
King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
Boy. But is this *Hector*?
Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.
Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.
Dum. More Calfe certaine.
Boy. No he is best indued in the small.
Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.
Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.
Ber. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue Hector *a gift*.

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Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill*, reine thy tongue.
Lon. I muſt rather giue it the reine: for it runs againſt *Hector*.
Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.
Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteps forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.
Brag. I doe adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. This Hector farre ſurmounted Hannibal.
The partie is gone.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two moneths on her way.
Brag. What meaneſt thou?
Clow. Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt Troyan, the poore Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quicke, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.
Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates?
Thou ſhalt die.
Clow. Then ſhall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.
Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.
Boy. Renowned *Pompey*.
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great, *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum.

Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees ſtirre them, or ſtirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will ſup a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile ſlaſh, Ile doe it by the ſword: I pray you let me borrow my Armes againe.
Dum. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.
Clo. Ile doe it in my ſhirt.
Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.
Pag. Maſter, let me take you a butten hoole lower: Do you not ſee *Pompey* is vncaſing for the combat: what meane you? you will loſe your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.
Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.
Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.
Ber. What reaſon haue you for't?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt.
I go woolward for penance.
Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile beſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that he weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Mounſier Marcade.

Mar. God ſaue you Madame.
Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.
Marc. I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauy in my tongue. The King your father.
Qu. Dead for my life.
Mar. Euen ſo: My tale is told.
Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.
Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier. *Exunt Worthies.*
Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?

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Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.
Kin. Madam not ſo, I doe beſeech you ſtay.
Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſdome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the converſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauy heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuite ſo eaſily obtain'd.
Kin. The extreame parts of time, extreamely formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his verie looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Loue:
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince Loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpos'd: ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome, profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.
Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.
Ber. Honeſt plaine words, beſt pierce the eares of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King.
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oathes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth rouſe,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:

Which

Which partie-coated preſence of looſe loue.
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecomm'd our oathes and grauities.
Thoſe heauenly eyes that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our Loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yours, we to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both, Faire Ladies you,
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.
Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue;
Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant, ieſt, and curteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time,
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not beene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.
Du. Our Letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then ieſt.
Lon. So did our lookes.
Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.
Kin. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.
Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord your grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will doe ought, this ſhall you doe for me.
Your oath I will not truſt: but goe with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning,
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If frоſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,

But

But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin Palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death,
If this thou doe denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.
Kin. If this, or more then this I would denie.
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eye,
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.
Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Roſe. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue moneth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.
Du. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.
Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?
Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelue moneth and a day,
Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.
Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſweare not leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
Lon. What ſaies *Maria*?
Mari. At the twelue moneths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.
Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.
Ber. Studies my Lady? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwere there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue

Roſ.

Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you, and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the merey of your wit,
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this twelmoneth terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe
With groaning wretches: and your taske ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agony.
Roſ. Why that's the way to choake a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A ieſts proſperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A twelue moneth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile ieſt a twelue moneth in an Hoſpitall.
Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies curteſie
Might well haue made our ſport a Comedie.
Kin. Come ſir, it wants a twelue moneth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter

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Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſtie vouchſafe me.

Qu. Was that Heſtor?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I will kiſſe thy royall finger, and take leaue. I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.

Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will doe ſo.

Brag. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euery tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer Smockes:
The Cuckow then on euery tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who:
A merrie note.
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exunt omnes.

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[1]) Octavo

This is the third editon of this play in this form.

THE MOST EXCELLENT And Lamentable Tragedie of ROMEO and JULIET.

As it hath been ſundry times publikely Acted by the KINGS Majeſties Servants at the GLOBE.

Written by *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY OXFORD

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtans* Church-yard in Fleetſtreet, under the Dyall. 1637.

The Prologue.

CHORUS.

Two housholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge breake to new mutiny,
Where civill blood makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loines of these two foes
A paire of starre-crost lovers take their life,
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrowes
Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.
The fearefull passage of their death-mark't love,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two houres traffick of our Stage;
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here shall misse, our toyle shall strive to mend.

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE Historie of ROMEO and JULIET.

Enter Sampson *and* Gregorie *with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of* Capulet.

Samp. *Gregorie*, on my word wee'll not carrie coales.

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choler wee'll draw.

Greg. I, while you live draw your necke out of the collar.

Samp. I strike quickly being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Samp. A dogge of the house of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. To move is to stirre, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. 'Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker vessels are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarrell is between our Masters and us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a Tyrant, when I have fought with the men I will be cruell with the maids, I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids!

Samp. I, the heads of the maides, or their maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Mee they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand; and 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt beene poore John: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will backe thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee!

Samp. Let us take the Law of our ſides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſſe by, & let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare: I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at us ſir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb ſir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumbe at us ſir?

Samp. Is the law on our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Doe you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir, no ſir.

Samp. But if you doe ſir, I am for you, I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter* Benvolio.

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my Maſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregory* remember thy ſwaſhing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part fooles, put up your ſwords, you know not what you doe.

Enter

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What? art thou drawne among theſe heartleſſe hindes?
Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke upon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put up thy ſword,
Or mannage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Have at thee Coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partiſans.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partiſans, ſtrike, beat them downe
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword hoe.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his Wife.*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*: hold me not, let me goe.

M. Wife 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteele.
Will they not heare? what hoe, you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines,
On paine of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſtemper'd weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partiſans in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets againe,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[2]) Octavo

For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-Towne, our common judgement place.
Once more on paine of death all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who ſet this ancient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach;
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt* with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſs'd him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchanging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt ſunne
Peerd forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled minde drave me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamore
That Weſtward rooteth from this City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your Sonne:
Tow'rds him I made; but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there been ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighes,

But

But all ſo ſoone as the all cheering Sunne
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw
The ſhadie curtaines from *Aurora's* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heavie ſonne,
And private in his chamber pens himſelfe,
Shuts up his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night.
Blacke and portendous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remove.
Ben. My noble unkle doe you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But he his owne affections Counſellor
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame:
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes; ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
I'le know his grievance or be much deni'd.
Moun. I would thou were ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift: Come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benvol. Good morrow Couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Rom. Ay me, ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom. Not having that, which having makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of love?

Rom.

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.
Ben. Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe!
Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathwayes to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here's much to doe with hate, but more with love:
Why then O brawling love, O loving hate,
O any thing of nothing first created,
O heavie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of well seeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This love feele I, that feele no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.
Rom. Why such is loves transgression.
Griefes of my owne lye heavie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe to too much of mine owne.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes;
Being vext, a sea nourisht with loving teares:
What is it else? a madnesse most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along,
And if you leave me so you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you love?
Rom. What? shall I groane and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no, but sadly tell me who.

Rom.

Rom. Bid a sicke man in sadnesse make his will:
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse cousin I doe love a woman.
Ben. I aym'd so neare when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marke-man: and shee's faire I love.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you misse; shee'll not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd,
From loves weake childish bow shee lives uncharm'd:
She will not stay the siege of loving tearmes,
Nor bide th' incounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold:
O she is rich in beauty, onely poore,
That when she dyes, with beauty dyes her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworne that she will still live chast.
Rom. Shee hath, and in that sparing makes huge wast,
For beauty starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
Shee is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me despaire:
She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow,
Doe I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke
Ben. By giving libertie unto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more:
These happy Maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, put us in minde they hide the faire:
He that is strucken blinde cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a Mistris that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. 'Ile pay that doctrine, or else dye in debt.

Exeunt.

Enter

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[2]) Octavo

Enter Capulet, *County* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I thinke,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pitie 'tis you liv'd at ods so long.
But now my Lord what say you to my suite?
Cap. But saying o're what I have said before:
My childe is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeeres:
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part:
And she agree, within her scope of choice
Lyes my consent, and fairе according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doe lusty young men feele,
When well apparelled *April* on the heele
Of limping winter treads; even such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me; goe sirrah, trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, finde those persons out,
Whose names are written there and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his Last, the fisher with his pensill, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to finde those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning.
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddy, and be holpe by backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you reade?
Rom. I, mine owne fortune in my misery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke,
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom. I, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest ye merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, *and his wife & daughters*; *County* Anselme *and his beauteous sisters*; *the Lady widdow of* Utruvio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his lovely Neeces*; Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters*; *my faire Niece* Rosaline, Livia; *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his cousin* Tibalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[2]) Octavo

Ser. Up.
Rom. Whither? to supper?
Ser. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Ser. My Masters.
Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking: My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.
Ben. At this same ancient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*:
Goe thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout Religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drown'd could never dye,
Transparent Heretickes be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing Sun
Ne're saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe pois'd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Chrystall scales let there be waigh'd,
Your Ladies love against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now shewes best.
Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to mee.
Nurse. *Now by my maiden-head at twelve yeeres old I had her: come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid: Where's this Girle? what* Juliet. *Enter* Juliet.
Juli. How now? who calls?
Nurse. *Your Mother.*
Juli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife.

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse give leave a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. *Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.*
Wife. Shee's not foureteene.
Nurse. *'Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I have but foure, shee's not foureteene. How long is it now to* Lammas tide?
Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurse. *Even or odd, of all daies in the yeer come* Lammas *Eve at night shall she be fourteen.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well,* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me. But, as I said, on* Lammas *Eve at night shall she be fourteen, then shall shee marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven yeeres; and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the dayes in the yeere upon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house wall: my Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doe beare a braine. But, as I said, when it did taste the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie, and fall out with the dug: Shake quoth the dove-house, 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is eleven yeeres, for then she could stand alone, nay by th' rood shee could have run and wadled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his soule, a was a merry man, took up the child, yea, quoth he, doest thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not* Jule? *and by my holidam the pretty wretch left crying and said, I: to see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant and I shall live a thousand yeeres I never should forget it: wilt thou not* Jule, *quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted and said, I.*
Old La. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.
Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leave crying and say, I, & yet I warrant it had on it brow a bump as big as a young cockrels stone, a perilous knock, & it cried bitterly: yea, quoth my husband, fallst upon thy face, thou wilt fall*

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backward when thou commeſt to age, wilt thou not Jule? *it ſtinted and ſaid I.*

Juli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace, I have done: God marke thee to his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might live to ſee thee married once, I have my wiſh.*

Old La. Mary that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of: tell me daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Juli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre! were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well, thinke of Marriage now, younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count:
I was your mother much upon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide: thus then in briefe,
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his love.

Nurſe. *A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world, Why hee's a man of waxe.*

Old La. Verona's Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower:*

Old La. What ſay you? can you love the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read o're the volume of young *Paris* face,
And finde delight writ there with beauties pen,
Examine every ſeverall lineament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire Volume lyes,
Finde written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious booke of love, this unbound lover,
To beautifie him onely lackes a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the ſea, and 'tis much pride,
For faire without the faire within to hide:
That booke in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſpes lockes in the golden ſtory:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By

By having him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

Juli. I'le looke to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it flye. *Enter ſerving.*

Serving. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you calld, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantry, and every thing in extremity: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtrait.

Mo. We follow thee: *Juliet* the Countie ſtayes.

Nurſe. Goe girle, ſeeke happy nights to happy dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What? ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apology?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity,
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper:
But let them meaſure us by what they will;
We'll meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heavie I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I believe me, you have dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavie burthen doe I ſinke.

Mer. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen love,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Romeo,

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it prickes like thorne.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love downe.
Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legges.
Rom. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senselesse rushes with their heeles;
For I am proverb'd with a grannsire phrase,
'Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the Constables owne word;
If thou art dun wee'll draw thee from the mire:
Or save you reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the eares: come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. That's not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay,
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits,
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rom. In bed asleepe while they doe dreame things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath been with you:
Shee is the Fairies Midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger
than an Agat stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, over mens noses as they lye a-
sleep, her waggon spokes made of long spinners legges, the cover
of

of the wings of grashoppers, her traces of the smallest spiders
web, her collers of the moon-shines watry beames, her whip of
Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner a small gray
coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme prickt
from the lazie finger of a man, her chariot is an emptie Hasell
nut, made by the Joyner Squirrell or old Grub, time out of mind
the Fairies Coach-makers: and in this state shee gallops night
by night through lovers braines, and then they dreame of love:
on Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curtsies strait; o're Lawyers
fingers, who strait dreame on fees; o're Ladies lips, who strait on
kisses dreame; which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
because their breath with sweet meates tainted are: sometimes
shee gallops o're a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smel-
ling out a suit; and sometime comes she with a tithe-pigs taile,
tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of an-
other Benefice; sometime shee driveth o're a Souldiers necke,
and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats, of breaches,
ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, of healths five fadome deep, and
then anon drums in his eare, at which hee starts and wakes, and
being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two, and sleepes againe:
this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night,
and bakes the Elflockes in foule sluttish haires, which once un-
tangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maides ly on their backes,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is shee.
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more unconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosome of the North;
And being angred, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping South.

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Ben. This wind you talke of blowes us from our ſelves,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind miſſe-gives,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights revells, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute: on luſty Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away? He ſhift a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners ſhall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwaſht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the join-ſtooles, remove the Court-cupboard, looke to the plate, good thou ſave me a piece of March-pane, and as thou loves mee let the Porter let in *Suſan Grind-ſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy ready.

Ser. You are lookt for and cald for, askt for and ſought for in the great chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearly boyes,
Be briske a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Cap.* Welcome Gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes Unplagued with Cornes will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes daintie,
She 'Ile ſwear hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have ſeen the day
That I have worne a Vizor, and could tell

A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome Gentlemen: come Muſitians play.

Muſicke playes and they dance.

A hall, a hall, give roome, and foot it girles,
More light you Knaves, and turne the tables up,
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this unlookt for ſport comes well.
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing dayes:
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a Maske?

2. *Cap.* Berlady thirty yeeres.

1. *Cap.* What man? 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much,
'Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucientio*:
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeeres, and then we maske.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir,
His ſonne is thirty.

1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a Ward two yeeres agoe.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight.

Ser. I know not ſir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs upon the cheeke of night,
As a rich jewell in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a ſnowie Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady o're her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, 'Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I ne're ſaw true beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what? dares the ſlave,
Come hither cover'd with an antique face,

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To fleere and scorne at our solemnity?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap. Why how now kinsman? wherefore storme you so?
Tib. Uncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo*, is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman,
And to say truth *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth;
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house doe him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
I'le not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endured,
What? goodman boy, I say he shall, goe too,
Am I the Master here or you? goe too:
You'll not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests,
You will set a cocke a hoope, you'll be the man.
Tib. Why Uncle 'tis a shame.
Cap. Goe too, goe too,
You are a saucy boy: ist so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you I know what:
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time:
Well said my hearts: you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or (more light, more light for shame)
I'le make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sinne is this,
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kisse.
Jul. Good Pilgrim, you doe wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shewes in this,
For Saints have hands that Pilgrims hands doe touch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must use in Prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turne to despaire.
Jul. Saints doe not move, though grant for prayers sake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips by thine my sinne is purg'd.
Jul. Then have my lips the sinne that they have tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespasse sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sinne againe.
Jul. You kisse bith booke.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise and vertuous:
I nurc't her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinckes.
Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.
Rom. I, so I feare, the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards:
Is it e'en so? why then I thanke you all,
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night.

More

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More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
'Ile to my rest.
Juli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond Gentleman?
Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of the doore?
Nurs. Marry that I thinke be young *Petrucheo.*
Jul. What's he that followes here, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Goe aske his name, if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemy.
Jul. My onely love sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene unknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurs. What's tis? what's tis?
Jul. A Ryme I learnt even now
Of one I danc't withall.
One calls within Juliet.
Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heire.
That faire for which love groned and would dye,
With tender *Juliet* matcht is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd and loves againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale loves sweet bait from fearefull hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have accesse
To breath such vowes as lovers use to sweare:
And she as much in love, her meanes much lesse,
To meet her new beloved any where.

But passion lends them power, time meanes to meet,
Tempring extremities with extreme sweet.
Enter Romeo *alone.*
Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth, and finde thy Center out.
Enter Benvolio *with* Mercutio.
Ben. *Romeo*, my Cousin *Romeo*, *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath stollen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall:
Call good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay I'le conjure too.
Romeo, humours, madam, passion, lover,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one ryme and I am satisfi'd;
Cry but ay me, pronounce but love and dye,
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname to her purblind sonne and heire
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the Begger-maid.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him:
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her skarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight legge, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanes that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to us.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had layd it, and conjur'd it downe,
That were some spight.
My invocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistresse name,
I conjure onely but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the darke.

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Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the marke:
Now will he sit under a Medlar tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kinde of fruit,
As maides call Medlars when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open and catera, and thou a Poperin peare.
Romeo good night, I'le to my Truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we goe?
Ben. Goe then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here,
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*
Rom. He jests at scarres that never felt a wound:
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne:
Arise faire sunne, and kill the envious moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide art farre more faire than she:
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vestall livery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my love, O that she knew she were:
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heaven,
Having some businesse, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their spheares till they returne:
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe; her eye in heaven,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night.
See how she leanes her cheeke upon her hand,
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Jul. Ay me.
Rom. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being o're my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wondring eyes
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing clouds,
And sailes upon the bosome of the Aire.
Jul. O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my love,
And 'Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Rom. Shall I heare more? or shall I speake at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*.
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arme, nor face. O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title: *Romeo* d'off thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and 'Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence-forth I never will be *Romeo*.
Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Jul. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?
Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

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Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.
Rom. With loves light wings did I ore-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can doe, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they doe ſee thee they will murther thee.
Rom. Alack, there lyes more perill in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords: looke thou but ſweet,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have nights cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me let them finde me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſht with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou know'ſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night.
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine deny
What I have ſpoke; but farewell complement:
Doeſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word; yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou maiſt prove falſe: at lovers perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughes. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond,

And therefore thou maiſt thinke my behaviour light;
But truſt me Gentleman I'le prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more coying to be ſtrange:
I ſhould have beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou overheardſt ere I was ware
My true loves paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light love,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moone I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit tree tops.
Jul. O ſweare not by the moone, th'inconſtant moone,
That monthly changes in her circled orbe,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Jul. Doe not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'le beleeve thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare love.
Jul. Well, doe not ſweare, although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay it lightens: ſweet good night:
This bud of love by ſummers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweet repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart as that within my breaſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loves faithfull vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it,
And yet I would it were to give againe.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe love?
Jul. But to be franke and give it thee again,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the ſea,

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My love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite:
I heare some noise within, deare Love adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'le procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rites,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'le lay,
And follow thee my Love throughout the world. Madam.
I come anon: but if thou meanst not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soule.
Jul. A thousand times good-night.
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight.
Love goes toward love as Schoole-boyes from their bookes,
But love from love toward Schoole with heavie lookes.

Enter Juliet *againe.*

Jul. Hist *Romeo*, hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound Lovers tongues by night?
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Jul. What a clocke to morrow

Shall

Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twentie yeeres till then:
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.
Rom. And 'Ile still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wantons bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night,
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Ro. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to crave, and my deere hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a Basket.

Fri. The grey ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eastern clouds with streakes of light:
And fleckeld darkenesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burning wheeles,
Now ere the sunne advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must upfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
The earth that's natures mother is her Tombe;
What is her burying Grave, that is her wombe:

And

And from her wombe children of divers kind
We ſucking on her naturall boſome find:
Many for many vertues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In plants, hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth give:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſ-appli'd,
And vice ſometime by action dignifi'd.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and Medicine power:
For this being ſmelt with that part, cheares each part;
Being taſted ſlayes all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill
In man as well as hearbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates up that plant.

Rom. Good morrow father.

Fri. Benedicite:
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſonne it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where care lodges ſleepe will never lye:
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft braine,
Doth couch his limbes, there golden ſleep doth reign,
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprous'd with ſome diſtemp'rature:
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin, waſt thou with *Roſaline*?

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father, no,

I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good ſonne, but where haſt thou been then?

Rom. I'le tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I have been feaſting with mine enemy,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy Phyſicke lyes:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man, for loe,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion findes but ridling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare love is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'le tell thee as we paſſe: but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? young mens love then lyes
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love that of it doth not taſte?
The ſun not yet thy ſighes from heaven cleares,
Thy old groanes yet ring in mine ancient eares;
Lo here upon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupill mine.

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Rom. And badst me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell:
But come young Waverer, come and goe with me,
In one respect 'Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your houshold rancor to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Dev'll should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will answere the Letters Master, how hee dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, stab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Love-song, the very pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde Bow-boies but-shaft: and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Rom. Why? what is *Tibalt?*

Mer. More than Prince of Cats: O hee's the courageous Captaine of Complements: hee fights as you sing Pricke-song, keepes time, distance, and proportion; he rests his *minum* rests, one, two, and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a silke

silke button, a Dualist, a Dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the punto reverso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Poxe of such antique lisping affecting phantasies, these new tuners of accents: by Jesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good Whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grand-sire, that wee should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dri'd Herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in. *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchin wench, marrie she had a better love to berime her; *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots, *Thisby* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Seignior *Romeo Bon jour*, there's a French salutation to your French slop: you gave us the counterfeit fairely last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceive?

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constraines a man to bow in the hams.

Rom Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of curtesie.

Rom. Pincke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flowred.

Mercu. Sure wit, follow mee this jest now till thou hast worne out thy pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worne,

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the jeſt may remaine after the wearing ſoly ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd jeſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wits faint.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wilde gooſe in one of thy wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell-broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee farre and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*, now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.*

A ſaile, a ſaile.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nurſe. Peter.

Peter. Anon.

Nurſ. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it goodden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſſe I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now upon the pricke of noone.

Nurſe. Out upon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewoman that God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to marre quoth a! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may finde the young *Romeo?*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than hee was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very well tooke ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If thou be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, unleſſe a hare ſir in a Lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoare is too much for a ſcore, when it hoares ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? wee'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell ancient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you ſir what ſaucie Merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie.

Ro. A Gentleman Nurſe that loves to heare himſelfe talk, and will ſpeake more in a minute than he will ſtand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, I'le take him down, and a were luſtier than hee is, and twenty ſuch Jackes: and if I cannot, I'le finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcurvie Knave, I am none of her Gil-flurts, I am none of his ſkaines mates: and thou muſt

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ſtand by too, and ſuffer every Knave to uſe mee at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure, if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have beene out: I warrant you I dare draw as ſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion, in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now afore God I am ſo vext, that every part about mee quivers: ſcurvie Knave: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out: what ſhe bid mee ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if yee ſhould leade her in a Fooles Paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kinde of behaviour, as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtris, I proteſt unto thee.

Nurſe. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyfull woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke mee.

Nur. I will tell her ſir that you doe proteſt, which as I take it, is a Gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo. Bid her deviſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this afternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be ſhrived and married: here is for thy paines.

Nurſe. No truly ſir not a pennie.

Rom. Goe too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoone ſir, well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall:
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackling ſtaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy,
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell, be truſty, and Ile quite thy paines.
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtris.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Now God in Heaven bleſſe thee: harke you ſir.

Rom. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne're here ſay, two may keepe counſell putting one away?

Rom. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nurſe. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Nobleman in Towne, one *Paris*, that would faine lay Knife aboord, but ſhe good ſoule had as lieve ſee a Toade, a very Toade as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man: but Ile warrant you when I ſay ſo ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a Letter?

Rom. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker, that's the dogges name, R. is for the no. I know it beginnes with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would doe you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lody.

Nurſe. I a thouſand times. *Peter.*

Pet. Anon.

Nurſ. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Juliet.

Ju. The clock ſtrook nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promis'd to returne:
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him; that's not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loves Heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides than the ſuns beames,
Driving backe ſhadowes over lowring hills:
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doves draw love,
And therefore hath the winde-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the ſunne upon the highmoſt hill
Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is not come:
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball.

My

My words would bandy her to my ſweet Love,
And his to me, but old folkes many faine as they were dead,
Unweildy, ſlow, heavie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes: O honey Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nurſe. *Peter* ſtay at the gate.

Jul. Now good ſweet Nurſe, O Lord why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou ſham'ſt the Muſicke of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me with ſo ſowre a face.

Nurſe. I am weary, give me leave a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeake, good, good Nurſe ſpeake.

Nurſe. Jeſu what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Doe you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou do'ſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou do'ſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and I'le ſtay the circumſtance,
Let me be ſatisfi'd, iſt good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chooſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better than any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: hee is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy waies wench, ſerve God. What? have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no, but all this did I know before,
What ſayes he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My backe a tother ſide, ah my backe, my backe,
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and downe.

Jul. Iſaith I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet Nurſe, tell me what ſaies my Love?

Nur. Your love ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kinde, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou repliеſt,
Your Love ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman.
Where is your Mother?

Nurſe. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward doe your meſſages your ſelfe.

Jul Here's ſuch a coile, come, what ſaies *Romeo*?

Nur. Have you got leave to goe to ſhrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to Frier *Laurence* Cell,
There ſtayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheekes,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climbe a birds neſt ſoone when it is darke.
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight,
But you ſhall beare the burden ſoone at night.
Goe, Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune, honeſt Nurſe farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy Act,
That after houres with ſorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, Amen: but come, what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervaile the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Doe thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,

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Then love-devouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph dye, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is lothſomneſſe in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth ſo,
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh ſo light a foot
Will never weare out the everlaſting flint:
A Lover may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That idles in the wanton ſummer Ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee daughter for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe in his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich Muſickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receive in either by this deare encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſumme up ſome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaves you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if wee meet we ſhall not ſcape a braule, for now theſe hot
dayes is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when hee enters the confines of a Taverne, claps mee his ſword upon the Table, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy moode as any in *Italy*, and as ſoone moved to bee moodie, and as ſoone moodie to be moved.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſell eyes: what eye but ſuch an eye would ſpie out ſuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrelled with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine aſleep in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter: with another, for tying his new ſhooes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling.

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarrell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, O ſimple!

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tib. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen Good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You ſhall finde me apt enough to that ſir, and you ſhall give me occaſion.

Mercutio. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

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Tib. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Consort! what doeſt thou make us Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of us, looke to heare nothing but diſcords; here's my Fiddle-ſticke, here's that ſhall make you dance: zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men,
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well, peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir if he weare your Livery:
Marry goe before to field, hee'll be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the love I beare thee can affoord
No better tearme than this: thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine I am none,
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tib. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I doe proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion,
Alla ſtucatho carries it away:
Tibalt, you rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall uſe mee hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haſte,

leſt

leſt mine be about your eares e're it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio* put thy Rapier up.

Mer. Come ſir, your Paſſado.

Ro. Draw *Benvolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen for ſhame forbeare this outrage.
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſſely hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona's* ſtreets:
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt:
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped;
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry 'tis enough:
Where is my Page? goe villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve, aske for mee to morrow and you ſhall finde mee a grave man. I am peppered I warrant for this world, a plague a both your houſes: 'zounds a dogge, a rat, a mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man to death; a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke: why the dev'll came you betweene us? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint: a plague a both your houſes,
They have made wormes meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly to your houſes——

Exit.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Princes neere ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my couſin. O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorne the earth.
Rom. This dayes blacke fate on more daies doth depend,
This but begins the woe others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.
Rom. He gone in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire and fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe
That late thou gav'st me, for *Mercutio's* soule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.
Tib. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone,
The Citizens are up, and *Tibalt* slaine:
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kil'd *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tibalt*.
Cit. Up sir, goe with me,
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unluckie mannage of this fatall brall.

There

There lyes the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.
Cap. Wi. *Tibalt* my cousin, O my brothers childe,
O Prince, O cousin, husband, O the blood is spild,
Of my deare kinsman: Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of *Mountague*.
O cousin, cousin.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. *Tibalt* here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bad him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and urg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calme look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleene
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast:
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a martiall scorne with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It backe to *Tibalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part; and swifter than his tongue
His agill arme beats downe their fatall points,
And 'twixt them rushes: underneath whose arme,
An envious thrust from *Tibalt* hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled:
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And too't they goe like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout *Tibalt* slaine,
And as he fell did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* dye.
Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Mountagues*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I begge for justice, which thou Prince must give,

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Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not live.
Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe?
Mon. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* friend,
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we doe exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawles doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none, let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else when he is found, that houre is the last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders pardoning those that kill.

Exit.

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the West,
And bring in clowdy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine love-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, untalkt of and unseene:
Lovers can see to doe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of love too blind,
It best agrees with night: come civill night,
Thou sober suited matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to lose a winning match,
Plai'd for a paire of stainlesse maiden-heads:
Hood my unman'd blood baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle: till strange love grow bold,
Thinke true love acted simple modesty:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For

For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a Ravens backe:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when he shall dye,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sunne.
O I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet injoy'd; so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festivall,
To an impatient childe that hath new robes,
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse,

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes, and every tongue that speakes
But *Romeo's* name, speakes heavenly eloquence.
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurse. I, I, the cords.
Jul. Ay me, what newes? why doest thou wring thy hands?
Nur. A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone:
Alack the day, hee's gone, hee's kill'd, hee's dead,
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*?
Jul. What divell art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell:
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Than the death-darting eye of Cockatrice:
I am not I if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I.
If he be slaine say I, or if not, No,
Briefe sounds determine of my weale or woe.

Nurse:

Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſave the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedeaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood: I ſwounned at the ſight.
Jul. O breake my heart, poore bankrupt breake at once,
To priſon eyes, ne're looke on liberty,
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heavie beere.
Nurſe. O *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O courteous *Tibalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead.
Jul. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tibalt* dead?
My dearеſt couſin, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is living if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. *Tibalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God did *Romeo's* hand ſhed *Tibalts* blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did, alas the day it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart hid with a flowring face!
Did ever dragon keepe ſo faire a cave?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall,
Ravenous dove, feathred raven, wolviſh-ravening lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhew,
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeemeſt,
A damned Saint, an honourable villaine.
O nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt poure the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever booke containing ſo vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!
Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſty in men,
All perjur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers:
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ*.

Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Jul. Bliſtered be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh: he was not borne to ſhame,
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole Monarch of the univerſall earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him that kill'd your couſin?
Jul. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord! what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife have mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villaine couſin would have kill'd my husband.
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your native ſpring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have ſlaine,
And *Tibalt's* dead that would have ſlaine my husband:
All this is comfort: wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there were worſer than *Tibalts* death
That murdred me: I would forget it faine,
But oh, it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners mindes;
Tibalt is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed.
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or if ſowre woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tibalt's* dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd:
But with a rereward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed: to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead, *Romeo* is baniſhed.

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There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurse*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalts* coarse:
Will you goe to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with teares, mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.
Take up those cords; poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide dye maiden widowed.
Come cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.
Nurse. Hye to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*,
To comfort you; I wot well where he is,
Harke you, your *Romeo* will be here at night:
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That yet I know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre company:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse than doomsday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips:
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be mercifull, say death,
For exile hath more terrour in his looke,
Much more than death; doe not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be-

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished
Is death mis-tearm'd: calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sinne! O rude unthankfulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: Heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every cat and dogge,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Live here in heaven, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more Courtship lives
In carrion flies than *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of deare *Juliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and Vestall modesty
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sinne:
This may flies doe, when I from this must flye,
And saist thou yet that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished,
Flyes may doe this, but I from this must flye:
They are free men, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharpe grownd knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But Banished to kill me? Banished!
O Frier, the damned use that word in hell,
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne Obsolver, and my Friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?

Fri.

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Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speak.
Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile give thee armour to keepe off that word,
Adversities sweet milke, Philosophy,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished? hang up Philosophy,
Unlesse Philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a towne, reverse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it prevailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see that mad men have no eares.
Rom. How should they, when wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speake of that thou do'st not feele.
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speake,
Then might'st thou teare thy haire,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Nurse knockes.

Fri. Arise, one knockes, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.
Rom. Not I, unlesse the breath of heart-sicke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there?) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken (stay a while) stand up.

Knocke againe.

Run to my study (by and by) Gods will,
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knockes so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's

Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O, he is even in my Mistresse case,
Just in her case: O wofull simpathy!
Piteous predicament! even so lyes she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring:
Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man,
For *Juliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of *Juliet*? how ist with her?
Doth she not thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the child-head of our joy,
With blood remov'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld love?
Nur. Oh, she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weepes,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Rom. As if that name shot from the deadly levell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curs'ed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art,
Thy teares are womanish, thy wilde acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemely woman in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me: By my holy Order
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

 And

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And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate upon thy ſelfe?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt loſe?
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like an Uſurer aboundſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man:
Thy deare love ſworne, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſſe-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-leſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet on fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What? rowſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of bleſſings light upon thy backe,
Happineſſe courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a misbehav'd and ſullen wench
Thou poutſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy love, as was decree'd,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy

Than

Than thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavie ſorrow makes them apt unto,
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell; oh what Learning is!
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Doe ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.
Nur. Here ſir, a ring ſhe bids me give you ſir,
Hie you, make haſte, for it growes very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.
Fri. Goe hence, good night, and here ſtands all your ſtate,
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence:
Sojourne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.
Rom. But that a joy paſt joy calls out on me,
It were a griefe ſo briefe to part with thee.
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife, and* Paris.

Cap. Things have falne out ſir ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Looke you, ſhe lov'd her Kinſman *Tibalt* dearely,
And ſo did I: well, we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, ſhee'll not come downe to night.
I promiſe you but for your company
I would have beene a bed an houre agoe.
Paris. Theſe times of woe afford no times to wooe:
Madam good night, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhe is mewed up to her heavineſſe.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes love; I thinke ſhe will be rul'd

In

In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed,
Acquaint her here with my sonne *Paris* love,
And bid her, marke you me, on wednesday next:
But soft, what day is this?
Paris. Monday, my Lord.
Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wednesday is too soone;
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her
Shee shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haste?
Wee'll keepe no great adoe, a friend or two:
For harke you, *Tibalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we revell much:
Therefore wee'll have some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end: But what say you to Thursday?
Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone, a thursday be it then:
Goe you to *Juliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord: light to my chamber ho,
Afore me: it is so very late, that we may call it early by and by.
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft*.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke,
That pearc't the fearefull hollow of thine eare;
Nightly she sings on yond Pomegranate tree:
Beleeve me love it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke, the herald of the morne,
No Nightingale: looke love what envious streakes
Doe lace the severing clouds in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and jocond day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountaines tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.
Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it I:

It is some Meteor that the sunne exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore stay yet, thou needest not be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'n, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthia's* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes doe beat
The vanity heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to goe,
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule? let's talke, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone away;
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had 'chang'd voices too,
Since arme from arme that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nurs. Madam.
Jul. Nurse.
Nurs. Your Lady mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.
Jul. Art thou gone so love, Lord, ay husband, friend?
I must heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes.
O by this count I shall be much in yeeres,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

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Rom. Farewell.
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, Love, to thee.
Jul. O thinkst thou we shall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill divining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art so low
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe;
Either my eye-sight failes or thou lookst pale.
Rom. And trust me love in my eye so doe you,
Dry sorrow drinkes our blood. Adieu, adieu.

Exit.

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? it is my Lady mother.
Is she not downe so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Juliet*?
Jul. Madam I am not well.
La. Evermore weeping for your cousins death?
What? wilt thou wash him from his grave with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done, some griefe shewes much of love,
But much of griefe shewes still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weepe for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Jul. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but ever weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine lives which slaughtered him.

Jul.

Jul. What villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo*.
Jul. Villaine and he be many miles asunder,
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. That is because the Traitor lives.
Jul. I Madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousins death.
La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weep no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* company,
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfi'd.
Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfi'd
With *Romeo* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, so for a kinsman vext.
Madam, if you could finde out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it,
That *Romeo* should upon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhorres
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the love I bore my cousin,
Upon his body that hath slaughtred him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile finde such a man.
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Girle.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they I beseech your Ladiship?
Mo. Well, well thou hast a carefull father childe,
One, who to put thee from thy heavinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I looke not for.
Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is that?
Mo. Marry my childe early next thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
nd shall happily make thee there a joyfull Bride.

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Jul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be husband comes to wooe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I doe, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. Theſe are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe,
And ſee how he will take it at at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the aire doth driſle dew,
But for the Sun-ſet of my brothers ſonne,
It raines downe right.
How now, a Conduit Girle? what ſtill in teares?
Evermore ſhowring? In one little body
Thou counterfeitſt a Barke, a Sea, a winde:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares; the Bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will over-ſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thankes.
I would the foole were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife.
How? will ſhe none? doth ſhe not ſhe give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
(Unworthy as ſhe is) that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Jul. Not proud you have, but thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankfull even for hate that's meant in love.
Cap. How now? how now? chopt logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you, and I thanke you not;
And yet not proud: Miſtris minion, you,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt Thurſday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, doe not anſwere me,
My fingers itch: Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt
That God had lent us but this onely childe,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heaven bleſſe her,
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence ſmatter with your goſſips, goe.
Nurſe. I ſpeake no treaſon.
Fa. O Godigeden.
Nurſe. May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Utter your gravitie o're a Goſſips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wife. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly alli'd,
Stuft (as they ſay) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man;
And then to have a wretched puling foole,

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A whining mammet in her fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not use to jest,
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, dye in the streets,
For by my soule Ile ne're acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever doe thee good.
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne. *Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pitty sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a moneth, a weeke;
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lyes.
Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Doe as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*
Jul. O God, O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Unlesse that husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsell me.
Alacke, alacke, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What saist thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse. (nothing,
Nur. Faith here it is. *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to
That he dares ne're come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be by stealth:
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie.
O hee's a lovely Gentleman:
Romeo's a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye

As

As *Paris* hath: beshrew my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my soule too, or else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nur. What?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Goe in and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd. *Exit.*
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.
Jul. Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend,
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Goe Counseller,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedy,
If all else faile, my selfe have power to dye. *Exit.*

Enter Frier and County Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir! the time is very short.
Pa. My father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.
Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde,
Uneven is this course, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore have I little talkt of love:
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdome hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now

Now doe you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed:
Looke sir, here's comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, must be love on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Jul. To answer that I should confesse to you.
Par. Doe not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confesse to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye I am sure that you love me.
Jul. If I doe so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.
Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Jul. The teares have got small victory by that.
For it was bad enough before their spight.
Par. Thou wrongst it more than teares with that report.
Jul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandred it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now?
Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:
My Lord, we must intreat the time alone.
Pa. God shield I should disturbe devotion.
Juliet, on thursday early will I rowse ye,
Till then adieu, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*
Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past helpe.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits;
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul.

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hear'st of this,
Unlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdome thou canst give no helpe,
Doe thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife Ile helpe it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo's* seal'd,
Shall be the Labell to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turne to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long experienc't time,
Give me some present counsell, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the Umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy yeares and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to dye,
If what thou speak'st speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe spy a kinde of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coop'st with death himselfe to scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedy.
Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of any Tower:
Or walke in theevish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where serpents are: chaine me with roring beares,
Or hide me nightly in a charnell house,
Ore covered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes, and yellow chapleste skuls:
Or bid me goe into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to heare them told have made me tremble,

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And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet Love.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merry, give consent
To marry *Paris*: wednesday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this viall being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall runne
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keep his native progresse, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liv'st.
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes windowes fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiffe and starke and cold appeare like death:
And in this borrow'd likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our countrey is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye:
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking: and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Ju. Give me, give me; O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous:

In

In this resolve: Ile send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Jul. Love give me strength, and strength shall helpe afford.
Farewell deare father. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, *and Servingmen, two or three.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ:
Sirrah, goe hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ile try if they can licke their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou try them so?
Ser. Marrie sir it is an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Goe be gone, we shall be much unfurnisht for this time: what? is my daughter gone to Frier *Laurence?*
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to doe some good on her,
A peevish selfe-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merrie looke.
Cap. How now my head-strong, where have you beene gadding?
Jul. Where I have learnt to repent the sinne
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am injoin'd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
To begge your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the County, goe tell him of this,
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Laurence* Cell,
And gave him what becommed love I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is well, stand up,
This is as 't should be, let me see the County:
I marry, goe I say and fetch him hither.

I 2 Now

Now afore God this holy reverend Frier,
All our whole City is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurſe, will you goe with me into my cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No, not till thurſday; there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, goe with her, wee'll to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife.
Goe thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her:
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone,
Ile play the huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth: well, I will walke my ſelfe
To County *Paris*, to prepare up him
Againſt to morrow; my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward girle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. I, thoſe attires are beſt: but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leave me to my ſelfe to night,
For I have need of many Oriſons,
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt is croſſe and full of ſinne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my help?
Jul. No Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behooveſull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit up with you,
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.

Jul.

Jul. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meet againe.
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe: what ſhould ſhe doe heare?
My diſmall Scene I needs muſt act alone.
Come Viall: what if this mixture doe not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lye thou there.
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is; and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tryed an holy man.
How if when I am laid into the tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? there's a fearfull point,
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault,
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome aire breaths in,
And there dye ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried anceſters are packt;
Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrowd; where, as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night ſpirits reſort:
Alacke, alacke, it is not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortalls hearing them runne mad:
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Invironed with all theſe hideous feares.)
And madly play with my forefathers joints?

 And

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And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his shrowd,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, methinkes I see my cousins ghost
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Upon a Rapiers point: stay *Tibalt* stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keyes, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastry.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakt meats, good *Angelica*
Spare not for cost.
Nurse. Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith you'll be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No, not a whit, what? I have watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere been sicke.
La. I, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood: now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste; sirrah fetch drier logges:
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I have a head sir that will finde out logges,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Masse and well said, a merry horson, ha,
Thou shalt be Loggerhead. Good faith 'tis day.

Play Musicke.

The County will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would: I heare him neare.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say.

Enter Nurse.

Goe waken *Juliet*, goe and trim her up,

Ile

Ile goe and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste;
Make haste, the Bridegroome hee is come already, make haste I say.
Nur. Mistris, what Mistris, *Juliet*: fast I warrant her she:
Why lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed;
Why Love I say, Madam, Sweet heart, why Bride:
What? not a word? you take your penniworth now,
Sleepe for a weeke; for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little: God forgive me,
Marry and Amen, how sound is she asleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam:
I, let the County take you in your bed,
Hee'll fright you up yfaith: will it not be?
What drest and in your clothes, and downe again?
I must needs wake you; Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay that ever I was borne:
Some *Aqua vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady.
Mo. What noise is here?
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, O heavie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my childe, my onely life!
Revive, looke up, or I will dye with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shee's dead, deceas't, shee's dead, alacke the day.
Mo. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.
Fa. Hah, let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
Her blood is setled, and her joints are stife:
Life and these lips have long beene separated,
Death lyes on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!

Fa.

Fa. Death that hath ta'ne her hence to make me waile,
Tyes up my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the County, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but never to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded, I will dye
And leave him all, life, living, all is deaths.

Pa. Have I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage:
But one, poore one, one poore and loving childe,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O woe, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That ever, ever I did yet behold:
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Never was seene so blacke a day as this.
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne,
O love, O life, not life, but love in death.

Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kil'd:
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnity?
O child, O child, my soule, and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my childe my joyes are buried.

Fri Peace ho for shame, confusions, care lives not
In these confusions: heaven and your selfe

Had part in this faire Maide; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maide.
Your part in her you could not keepe from death,
But heaven keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc't,
And weepe ye now seeing she is advanc't
Above the clouds, as high as heaven himselfe?
O in this love you love your childe so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
Shee's not well married that lives married long,
But shee's best married that dyes married young.
Dry up your teares, and sticke your Rosemary
On this faire coarse; and as the custome is,
And in her best array, beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained festivall,
Turne from their office to blacke funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bels,
Our wedding cheare to a sad funerall feast,
Our solemne hymnes to sullen dyrges change,
Our bridall flowers serve for a buried coarse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, goe you in; and Madam goe with him;
And goe sir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this faire coarse unto her grave.
The heavens doe lowre upon you for some ill,
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

Exeunt. Manent Musici.

Musi. Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good fellowes, ah put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitifull case.

Fid. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Peter.

Pe. Musitians, oh Musitians, hearts ease, hearts ease,

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O, and you will have me live, play hearts ease.
Fid. Why hearts ease?
Pet. O Musitians, because my heart it selfe playes, my heart is full of woe.
O play me some merry dump to comfort me.
Min. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
Min. What will you give us?
Pet. No mony on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will give you the Minstrell.
Min. Then will I give you the serving creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the serving creatures dagger on your pate.
I will carry no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you:
Doe you note me?
Min. And you Re us and Fa us, you note us.
2. *M.* Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit.
I will dry beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger;
Answer me like men.
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then musicke with her silver sound.
Why silver sound? why musicke with her silver sound? what say you Simon Catling?
Min. Marry sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pratee, what say you Hugh Rebicke?
2. *M.* I say silver sound, because Musitians sound for silver.
Pet. Pratee too: what say you James sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer,
I will say for you: it is musicke with her silver sound,
Because Musitians have no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her silver sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse.

Exit.
Min.

Min. What a pestilent Knave is this?
M. 2. Hang him Jacke, come wee'll in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some joyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes Lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerfull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreams that give a dead man leave to think,
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe possest,
When but loves shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's *man* Balthazer.

Newes from *Verona*? how now *Balthazer*?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office sir.
Rom. Is it even so? then I deny you starres.
Thou know'st my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.
Man. I doe beseech you sir have patience,
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and doe import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.

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Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

Rom. No matter, get thee gone,
And hire those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Let's see for meanes. O mischiefe thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I doe remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with over-whelming browes
Culling of simples; meager were his lookes,
Sharpe misery had worne him to the bones,
And in his needy shop a Tortoise hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skinnes
Of ill shap't fishes, and about his shelves
A beggerly accompt of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders, and mustie seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
And if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy-day the beggers shop is shut:
What ho? Apothecary.
Apo. Who calls so loud?
Ro. Come hither man: I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is forty Duckets, let me have
A dram of poyson, such soone-spreading geare
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
And that the truncke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty-powder fier'd

Doth

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Appo. Such mortall drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to dye? famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Apo. My poverty but not my will consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drinke it off; and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Ro. There is thy gold, worse poison to mens soules,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou maist not sell:
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, goe with me
To *Juliets* grave, for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier John *to Frier* Laurence.
Joh. Holy Franciscan Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Frier *John*.
Welcome from *Mantua*: what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, give me his Letter.
Joh. Going to finde a barefoot brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in the City visiting the sicke,
And finding him; the Searchers of the towne,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Lau.

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Lau. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune, by my brotherhood
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import; and the neglecting it
May doe much danger. Frier *John* goe hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my Cell.

Exit.

John. Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.
Lau. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within these three houres will faire *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore living coarse clos'd in a dead mans tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Give me thy torch boy, hence, & stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Under yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirme, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest something approach.
Give me those flowers, doe as I bid thee, goe.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will new;
Or wanting that, with teares distill'd by mones,
The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly

Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.
Whistle Boy.
The Boy gives warning, something doth approach:
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loves right?
What with a torch? night muffle me a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthazer *his man.*

Rom. Give me the mattocke and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee
What ere thou hear'st or seest stand all aloofe,
And doe not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In deare employment: therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou jealous dost returne to pry
In what I farther shall intend to doe,
By heaven I will teare thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Than empty Tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Bal. For all this same Ile hide me hereabout,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jawes to open,
And in despite Ile cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loves cousin; with which griefe
It is supposed the faire creature died;

And

And here is come to doe ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villaine I doe apprehend thee,
Obey and goe with me, for thou muſt dye.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me, thinke upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee youth,
Put not another ſinne upon my head
By urging me to fury: O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better than my ſelfe,
For I come hither armed againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bad thee run away.
Par. I doe defie thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee Boy.
Page. O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine: if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.
Rom. In faith I will: let me peruſe this face:
Mercutio's kinſman, noble County *Paris*!
What ſaid my man when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet*,
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave:
A grave! O no, a Lanthorne ſlaughtred youth;
For here lyes *Juliet*, and her beautie makes
This vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Have they beene merry, which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties enſigne yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheekes:
And deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
Tibalt, lyeſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
O what more favour can I doe to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine
To ſunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me couſin. Ah deare *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeve,
Shall I beleeve that unſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the lean abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy chambermaides: O here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt,
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh: eyes look your laſt,
Armes take your laſt embrace; and lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come unſavourie guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rockes thy ſea-ſicke weary barke:
Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I dye.

Enter Frier, with Lanthorne, crow, and ſpade.

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my ſpeed; how oft to night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves! Who's there?

Balt. Here's one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be upon you: Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe skulls: as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Balt. It doth ſo holy Sir, and there's my Maſter, one that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Balt. *Romeo.*
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Balt. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Goe with me to the vault.
Balt. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, Ile goe alone, feare comes upon me,
O much I feare ſome ill unlucky thing.
Balt. As I did ſleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my Maſter and another fought,
And that my Maſter ſlew him.
Fri. *Romeo.*
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulcher?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords,
To lye diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in blood? ah what an unkinde houre
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Jul. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am: where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noiſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall ſleepe:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away,

Thy

Thy husband in thy boſome there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too: come, Ile diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſter-hood of holy Nunnes.
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming.
Come, goe good *Juliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.
Exit.
Jul. Goe get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath been his timeleſſe end:
O churle! drinke all, and leave no friendly drop
To helpe me after: I will kiſſe thy lips,
Haply ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way?
Jul. Yea noiſe? then Ile be briefe. O happy dagger,
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt, and let me dye.
Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloody, ſearch about the Churchyard:
Goe ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pitifull ſight! here lyes the County ſlaine,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead,
Who here hath laine theſe two daies buried.
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Mountagues*: ſome others ſearch;
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes doe lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeo's *man.*

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chiefe Watch. Hold him in ſafety till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes.

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We tooke this Mattocke and this spade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard side.
Chiefe W. A great suspicion, stay the Frier too.

Enter Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*

Ca. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soveraigne, here lyes the County *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warme and new kill'd.
Prin. Search, seeke, and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a Frier, and slaughtred *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead mens tombes.
Cap. O heaven! O wife! looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'ne, for lo his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death is as a Bell,
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy sonne and heire now early downe.
Moun. Alas my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath;
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Mou. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a grave?
Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be Generall of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meane time forbeare
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doe make against me, of this direfull murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.
Pri. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead was husband to that *Juliet*,
And she there dead that *Romeo's* faithfull wife;
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday; whose untimely death
Banisht the new made Bridegroome from this City,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of griefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me devise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gave I her (so tuter'd by my Art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The forme of death: meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *John*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter backe: then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[2]) Octavo

Till I could conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me,
But as it seemes did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the marriage the Nurse is privie:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Pri. We still have knowne thee for a holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my Master newes of *Juliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same monument:
This letter he earely bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Pri. Give me the letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your Master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand aloofe; and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Pri. This letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecary, and therewithall
Came to this vault, to dye and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet, Mountague*,
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven findes meanes to kill your joyes with love;

And

And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brase of Kinsmen: all are punisht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand;
This is my daughters jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while's *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo's* by his Ladies lye:
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings:
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head.
Goe hence to have more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

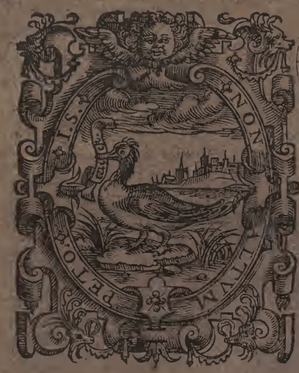
FINIS.

THE

TRAGEDY OF HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Newly imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last Printed.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



BODLEIANA

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstans* Church-yard in Fleet-street, under the Diall. 1637.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Enter Barnardo *and* Franciſco, *two Sentinels.*

Bar. Who's there?
Fran. Nay anſwer me, ſtand and unfold your ſelfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo?
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now ſtrooke twelve: get thee to bed *Franciſco.*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſicke at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Bar. Well, goodnight:
If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*
The rivalls of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand ho: who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Liegemen to the Dane.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[3]) Octavo

Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O farewell honeſt ſouldiers: who hath relieved you?
Fra. Bernardo hath my place: give you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Hora. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I have ſeene nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſayes 'tis but a phantaſie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe aſſaile your eares
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well, ſit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtar that's Weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholar, ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that uſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmarke*

Did

Did ſometimes march? by heaven I charge thee ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtalkes away.
Hor. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake, I charge thee ſpeake.

Exit Ghoſt.

Mar. 'Tis gone and will not anſwer.
Bar. How now *Horatio*? you tremble and looke pale:
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeve,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th'ambitious Norway combated.
So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
He ſmote the ſleaded Pollax on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jumpe at this ſame houre,
With martiall ſtalke hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what particular thought to worke I know not,
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toiles the ſubject of the land,
And with ſuch daily coſt of braſen Cannon,
And forraine Mart for implements of warre?
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore taske
Does not divide the Sunday from the weeke?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labour with the day?
Who is't that can informe me?
Hora. That can I:
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway,*

Thereto

Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
Against the which a moity competent
VVas gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had he bin vanquisht; as by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the Articles designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*: now sir, young *Fortinbrasse*,
Of unimproved metall, hot, and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt up a list of lawlesse resolutes,
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomacke in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare unto our state,
But to recover of us by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this I take it
Is the maine motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poste haste, and romeage in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other but even so:
VVell may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.
Hora. A mote it is to trouble the mindes eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
The graves stood tenantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets,
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of blood,
Disasters in the sunne, and the moist starre,
Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,
VVas sicke almost to Doomesday with eclipse,

And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And Prologue to the *Omen* comming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our Climatures and Countrimen.
Enter Ghost.
But soft, behold! lo where it comes againe,
Ile crosse it though it blast me: Stay illusion, *It spreads his armes.*
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speake to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art privie to thy Countries fate,
Which happely foreknowing may avoid,
O speake:
Or if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death, *The cocke crowes.*
Speake of it, stay and speake; stop it *Marcellus*.
Mar. Shall I strike it with my partisan?
Hor. Doe if it will not stand.
Bar. 'Tis here.
Hor. 'Tis here.
Mar. 'Tis gone.
We doe it wrong, being so Majesticall,
To offer it the shew of violence:
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to speake when the cocke crew.
Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearefull summons: I have heard,
The cocke, that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or aire,
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hyes
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cocke.
Some say that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dares ſtirre abroad,
The nights are wholſome; then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charme;
So hallowed and ſo gracious is that time.
Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleeve it:
But looke, the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeene to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for upon my life
This ſpirit dumbe to us will ſpeake to him.
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's doo't I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt convenient. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Councell, as Polonius, and his ſonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene,
Th' Imperiall jointreſſe to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auſpicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife, nor have we herein barr'd

Your better wiſdomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth,
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to be diſ-joint, and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dreame of his advantage,
He hath not faild to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of Law,
To our moſt valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſineſſe is, We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Who impotent and bedrid, ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate herein, in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubjects: and we here diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more than the ſcope
Of theſe delated Articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haſte commend your duty.
Cor. Vo. In that, & all things will we ſhew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit, what is't *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane,
And loſe your voice: what wouldſt thou beg *Laertes*?
That ſhall not be my offer, nor thy asking.
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth,
Than is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy Father:
What wouldſt thou have *Laertes*?
Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to *France*,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[3]) Octavo

From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your fathers leave? what ſayes *Polonius*?
Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave,
By labourſome petition; and at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I doe beſeech you give him leave to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces; ſpend it at thy will.
But now my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſſe than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.
Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt 'tis common all that lives muſt dye,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not ſeems,
'Tis not alone my inkie cloke could ſmother,
Nor cuſtomary ſutes of ſolemne blacke,
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forc't breath,
No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all formes, moods, ſhapes of griefe,
That can denote me truely; theſe indeed ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paſſes ſhew,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father.

But you muſt know your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſurviver bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowes; but to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe, 'tis unmanly griefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, or minde impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh oppoſition
Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt coarſe till he that died to day,
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and thinke of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobility of love
Than that which deareſt father beares his ſonne
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going backe to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*;
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Here in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, couſin, and our ſonne.
Que. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers *Hamlet*:
I pray thee ſtay with us, goe not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you Madame.
King. Why 'tis a loving and a faire reply.
Be as our ſelfe in *Denmarke*. Madame come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day
But the great Cannon to the clouds ſhall tell,

And the Kings rowſe the heaven ſhall bruit againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder: Come away. *Flouriſh, Exeunt all*
Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and reſolve it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the everlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt ſelfe ſlaughter! O God, God,
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uſes of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That growes to ſeed; things rank & groſſe in nature
Poſſeſſe it meerly: that it ſhould come thus,
But two moneths dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the windes of heaven
Viſit her face too roughly: heaven and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't, frailty thy name is woman,
A little moneth: Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers body,
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe,
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Than I to *Hercules*; within a moneth,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. Oh moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip. *Lſelfe.*
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my
Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you;
And

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you (good even ſir.)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hora. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enemy ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe; I know you are no truant;
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour*?
Wee'll teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Hora. My Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funerall.
Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow ſtudent,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heaven
Or ever I had ſeene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Hora. I ſaw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not looke upon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw who?
Hora. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive eare, till I may deliver
Upon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen
This marvaile to you.
Ham. For Gods love let me heare.
Hora. Two nights together had theſe Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vaſt and middle of the night

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.40[3]) Octavo

Been thus encountred: a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, *Cap a pe*,
Appeares before them, and with ſolemne march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurpriſed eyes
Within this truncheons length, whilſt they diſtill'd
Almoſt to gelly with the act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him: this to me
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did,
But anſwer it made none: yet once me thought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake;
But even then the morning Cocke crew loud,
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I doe live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd ſay you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?

Hor.

Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like: ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell an hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſsled, no.
Hor. It was as I have ſeene it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I will watch to night,
Perchance 'twill walke againe.
Hor. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble fathers perſon
Ile ſpeake to it, though hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill,
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So fare you well,
Upon the platforme 'twixt eleven and twelve
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duty to your honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you; Farewell.
My fathers ſpirit in armes, all is not well;
I doubt ſome foule play, would the night were come:
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule, foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbarkt, farewell,
And ſiſter, as the windes give benefit
And convay in aſſiſtant, doe not ſleep,
But let me heare from you.

Ophel.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward, not permanent; ſweet, not laſting,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoule
Growes wide withall: perhaps he loves you now,
And now no ſoile nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his will; but you muſt feare
His greatneſſe wai'd, his will is not his owne.
He may not, as unvalued perſons doe,
Crave for himſelfe; for on his choice depends
The ſafety and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head: then if he ſaies he loves you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo far to beleeve it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further
Than the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs,
Or looſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſtred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keep you in the reare of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire:
" The chariеſt maid is prodigall enough,
If ſhe unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
" Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
" The canker galls the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd,

And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be warie then, beſt ſafety lyes in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebells though none elſe neere.
Ophel. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep,
As watchmen to my heart: But good my brother
Doe not as ſome ungracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way of heaven,
Whiles a puſt and rechleſſe Libertine,
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O feare me not;
I ſtay too long: but here my father comes.
A double bleſſing is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Polo. Yet here *Laertes*? aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for. There, my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar:
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy ſoule with hoops of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht, unfledg'd courage: beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'oppoſer may beware of thee:
Give every man thy eare, but few thy voice;
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerve thy judgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt ranke and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For love oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

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This above all, to thine owne ſelfe be true,
And it muſt follow as the night to day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.
Pol. The time inveſts you, goe, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.
Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What is't *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophel. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marrie well bethought.
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you your ſelfe
Have of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you
You doe not underſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Ophel. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Unſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance:
Doe you beleeve his tenders, as you call them?
Ophel. I doe not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your ſelfe a babie,
That you have ta'n theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelfe more dearly,
Or (not to cracke the winde of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a foole.
Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, goe too, goe too.
Ophel. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord with almoſt all the holy vowes of heaven.

Pol.

Pol. I, ſpringes to catch Wood-cockes; I do know
When the blood burnes how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giving more light than heat; extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making,
You muſt not tak't for fire: from this time
Be ſomething ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeve ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tedder may he walke
Than may be given you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeve his vowes, for they are Brokers,
Not of that dye which their inveſtments ſhew,
But meere implorators of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth
Have you ſo ſlander any moments leiſure,
As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophel. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.
Ham. The aire bites ſhrewdly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.
Hora. Indeed, I heard it not: it then drawes neere the ſeaſon
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk. *A flouriſh of Trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two pieces goe off.*
Ham. The King doth walke to night, and takes his rowſe,
Keepes waſſell, and the ſwaggering up-ſpring reeles,
And as he draines his draughts of Rheniſh downe,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry is't,

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But to my minde, though I am native here
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honour'd in the breach than the obſervance:
This heavie-headed revell East and West
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;
They clepe us Drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soile our addition: and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute:
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-growth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking downe the paſes and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit that too much ore-leavens
The forme of plauſive manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtampe of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His vertues elſe be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandall. *Enter Ghoſt.*
Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blaſts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, royall *Dane*: O anſwere me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Have burſt their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,

To caſt thee up againe: what may this meane
That thou dead coarſe againe in complete ſteele
Reviſites thus the glimpſes of the moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules?
Say why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe? *Beckens.*
Hora. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.
Hora. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why? what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee:
And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that,
Being a thing immortall like it ſelfe?
It waves me forth againe, Ile follow it.
Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe,
That bettels ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your ſoveraignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe? thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motive, into every braine,
That lookes ſo many fadomes to the ſea,
And heares it roare beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cryes out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

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As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
By heaven Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away: Goe on Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Lets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Have after: to what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke.*
Hora. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speake, Ile goe no further.
Ghost Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My houre is almost come,
When I to sulphrous and tormenting flames
Must render up my selfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold,
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes, done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end
Like quills upon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood: list, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy deare father love.

Ham.

Ham. O God!
Gho. Revenge his foule & most unnaturall murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange and unnaturall.
Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As mediation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweepe to my revenge.
Ghost. I finde thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharfe,
Wouldst thou not stirre in this: now *Hamlet* heare,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Orchard
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankely abused: but know thou, noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my Prophetick soule, my uncle!
Ghost. I, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce! won to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene.
O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine! but vertue, as it never will be mov'd
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heaven,
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed,
And prey on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
Upon my secure houre thy uncle stole

With

With juice of curſed Hebona in a Viall, f. Henbane
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curd, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off even in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Unnuzled, diſappointed, un-anneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible,
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſomever thou purſueſt this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contrive
Againſt thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.
Ham. O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O fie! hold my heart,
And you my ſinewes, grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly up; remember thee!
I thou poore Ghoſt, whiles memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe: remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triviall fond records,

All ſaw of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall live
Within the booke and volume of my braine,
Unmixt with baſer matter; yes by heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine!
My tables, meet it is I ſet downe,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine;
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in *Denmarke*.
So uncle there you are: now to my word,
It is adieu, adieu, remember me.
I have ſworne't. *Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*
Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hora. Heavens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho boy, come, and come.
Mar. How is't my noble Lord?
Ham. O wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reveale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heaven.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once thinke it?
But you'll be ſecret.
Both. I by heaven.
Ham. There's never a villaine
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant Knave.
Hora. There needs no Ghoſt, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You as your buſineſſe and deſire ſhall point you,
For every man hath buſineſſe and deſire,

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Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patricke* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is betweene us
Ore-master'd as you may: and now good friends,
As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers
Give me one poore request.
Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.
Ham. Never make knowne what you have seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but swear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the stage.

Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, saist thou so? art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Selleridge
Consent to sweare.
Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene,
Sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Hic & ubique, then wee'll shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe upon my sword:
Sweare by my sword.
Never to speake of this that you have heard.
Ghost. Sweare by his sword.
Ham. Well said old Mole, canst thou worke i'th earth so fast?

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.
Hora. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:
There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*
Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,
Here as before; never so help you mercy,
(How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an antike disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With armes encombred thus, or head thus shak't,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, well well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So Gentlemen
With all my love I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is
May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joint; O cursed spight
That ever I was borne to set it right!
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius with his man or two.

Pol. Give him this money, and these two notes *Reynaldo*.
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shall doe marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visit him to make inquire
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My Lord I did intend it.
Pol. Marrie well said, very well said, looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence: and finding

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By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſon, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as't were ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him: Doe you marke this *Reynaldo?*
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may ſay not well,
But if it be he I meane hee's very wilde,
Addicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo ranke
As may diſhonour him, take heed of that;
But ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſuall ſlips
As are companious noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo farre.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Faith as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty,
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſſe in unreclaimed blood
Of generall aſſault.
Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry ſir here's my drift,
And I beleeve it is a fetch of wit.
You laying theſe ſleight ſullies on my ſonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd with working,
Mark you, your party in converſe, he you would ſound,
Having ever ſeene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;

Good

Good ſir (or ſo) or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and countrey:
Rey. Very good my Lord.
Pol. And then ſir does a this, a does: what was I about to ſay?
By the Maſſe I was about to ſay ſomething,
Where did I leave?
Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence; I marry,
He cloſes thus, I know the Gentleman
I ſaw him yeſterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and, as you ſay,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowſe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I ſaw him enter ſuch and ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now,
Your bait of falſhood takes this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wiſdome and of reach,
With windleſſes, and with eſſayes of byas,
By indirects finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my ſonne. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord I have.
Pol. God buy ye, fare ye well.
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Obſerve his inclination in your ſelfe.
Rey. I ſhall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his Muſicke.
Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I have bin ſo affrighted.
Polo. With what i'th name of God?
Ophel. My Lord as I was ſowing in my Cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockins foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,

D 3

And

And with a looke ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Ophel. My Lord I doe not know,
But truely I doe feare it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Ophel. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus o're his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it: long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo piteous and profound
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being: that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his ſhoulders turn'd
Hee ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes;
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of love,
Whoſe violent property forgoes it ſelfe,
And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſions under heaven
That does afflict our natures: I am ſorrie;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophel. No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repell his letters, and deni'd
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am ſorrie that with better heed and judgement
I had not coated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee, but beſhrew my jealouſie;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort

To lacke diſcretion: Come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which being kept cloſe might move
More griefe to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Queene, Roſencraus and Guildenſterne.

King. Welcome deare *Roſencraus* and *Guildenſterne*,
Moreover, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you did provoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, ſo I call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was: what it ſhould be
More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from the underſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought up with him,
And ſith ſo neighboured to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lyes within our remedy.
Que Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And ſure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres; if it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhould receive ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might by the Soveraigne power you have of us
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to intreaty.
Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves in the full bent

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To lay our service freely at your feet.
King. Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildenstern*.
Que. Thanks *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rosencraus*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed sonne: goe some of you
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.
Queen. Amen. *Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Enter Polonius.
Pol. Th'Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou stil hast bin the Father of good newes.
Pol. Have I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule,
Both to my God and to my gracious King:
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.
King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.
Pol. Give first admittance to the Embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.
He tels me, my deare *Gertrud*, he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.
Enter Embassadors.
King. Well, we shall sift him: welcome my good friends;
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires:
Upon our first he sent out to suppresse
His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse; whereat griev'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence

Was

Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obayes,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'assay of armes against your Majestie:
Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his Commission, to imploy those Souldiers
So levied as before, against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shown,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of safety and allowance
As herein are set downe.
King. It likes us well,
And at our more considered time wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke upon this businesse:
Meane time we thank you for your well took labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together:
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*
Pol. This businesse is well ended,
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What majestie should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;
Therefore brevitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnesse the limbes and outward flourishes:
I will be briefe: your noble sonne is mad,
Mad call I it, for to define true madnesse,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.
Quee. More matter with lesse art.
Pol. Madam I sweare I use no art at all,
That hee's mad 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pitty,
And pitty 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art:
Mad let us grant him then, and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,

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Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise.
To the Celestiall, my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase: but you shall heare, thus in her excellent white bosome, These, &c.
Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithfull.
Doubt thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the sunne doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But never doubt I love.
O deare Ophelia *I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my groanes; but that I love thee best, O most best beleeve it: Adieu.* *Thine evermore most deare Lady, whilest this machine is to him,* Hamlet.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me,
And more about have his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.
Pol. I would faine prove so; but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me; what might you
Or my deare Majestie your Queen here thinke,
If I had plaid the deske, or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no; I went round to worke,
And my young Mistresse thus I did bespeake:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy sphere,
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her, That

That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she tooke the fruits of my advice;
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to a lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the madnesse wherein now he raves,
And all we mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke 'tis this?
Queen. It may be very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances lead me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Here in the Lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.
Pol. At such a time Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind the Arras then,
Marke the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a Farme and Carters.
King. We will try it. *Enter Hamlet.*
Queen. But look where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and*
Ile board him presently. Oh give me leave. *Queen.*
How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.

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Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing, But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir though I most powerfully and potently beleeve, yet I hold it not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall grow old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes his replyes are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall, except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guildensterne and Rosencrans.*

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros.

Ros. God save your sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most deare Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guyldenstern*? Ah *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her wast, or in the middle of her favors.

Guyl. Faith her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet. What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes-day neere: but your newes is not true. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsenour*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks, but I thank you, and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe-peny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale justly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to'th purpose, you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queene have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preserved love, and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eie of you, if you love me hold not off.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no fea-

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ther: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſes; and indeed it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the earth ſeemes to mee a ſterill promontorie; this moſt excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this brave ore-hanged firmament, this majeſticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece a worke is man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in forme and moving how expreſſe and admirable! in action how like an Angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; & yet to me what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I ſaid man delights not me?

Roſ. To thinke my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the Plaiers ſhall receive from you, we coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome, his Majeſtie ſhall have tribute of mee, the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyle and target, the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace, and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blanke verſe ſhall halt for't. What players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travell? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſ. I thinke their inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? are they ſo followed?

Roſ. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and thoſe that would make mouthes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece for his picture in little: s'blood there is ſomething in this more than naturall, if Philoſophy could finde it out. *A Flouriſh.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elſenour*, your hands: come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony, let me comply with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the Plaiers, which I tell you muſt ſhew fairly outwards, ſhould more appeare like entertainment than yours; you are welcome: but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceived.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North North-weſt, when the wind is Southerly I know a hawke from a hand-ſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Guyldenſtern*, and you too, at each eare a hearer, that great baby as you ſee is not yet out of his ſwadling clouts.

Roſ. Happely he is the ſecond time come to them, for they ſay an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecie that he comes to tell me of the Players, marke it: You ſay right ſir, a Munday morning 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I have newes to tell you: when *Roſſius* was an Actor in Rome. *ſci*

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his aſſe.

Pol. The beſt Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, Hiſtory, Paſtorall, Paſtorall-Comicall, Hiſtorical-Paſtorall ſcene indevidable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot bee too heavie, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ and the liberty; theſe are the onely men.

Ham. O *Jeptha* Judge of Iſrael what a treaſure hadſt thou?

Pol. What a treaſure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Jeptha*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to paſſe, as moſt like it was: the firſt row of the pans chanſon will

ſhew

ſhew you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maſters, welcome all, I am glad to ſee thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt, com'ſt thou to beard mee in *Denmarke?* what my young Lady and Miſtreſſe! my Lady your Ladiſhip is neerer to heaven than when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: maſters you are all welcome, wee'll e'en to't like friendly Faukners, flye at any thing wee ſee, wee'll have a ſpeech ſtrait, come give us a taſte of your quality, come a paſſionate ſpeech.

Player. What ſpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeake me a ſpeech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleaſed not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was as I received it and others, whoſe judgements in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet downe with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſaid there were no ſallets in the lines to make the matter ſavoury, nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more handſome than fine; one ſpeech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially when he ſpeakes of *Priams* ſlaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'ircanian Beaſt, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, hee whoſe ſable armes,

Blacke as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horſe,
Hath now his dread and blacke complection ſmear'd
With Heraldry more diſmall head to foot:
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and embaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, roſted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-ciſed with coagulate gore,

With

With eyes like Carbuncle, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old granſire *Priam* ſeekes; ſo proceed you.

Pol. Fore God my Lord well ſpoken, with good accent and good (diſcretion.

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too ſhort at Greekes, his anticke ſword
Rebellious to his arme, lyes where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell ſword
Th'unnerved father falls.
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe, and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus* eare: for loe his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverent *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th ayre to ſticke,
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
Like a neutrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the heavens, the rackes ſtand ſtill,
The bold wind ſpeechleſſe, and the orbe below
As huſh as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region: ſo after *Pyrrhus* pawſe,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new aworke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proofe eterne,
With leſſe remorſe than *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! all you gods
In generall ſynod take away her power,
Breake all the ſpokes and felloes from her wheele,
And boule the round nave downe the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ha. It ſhall to the Barbers with your beard: prethee ſay on, he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps; ſay on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, ah woe had ſeene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene!

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Polo. That's good.

Play. Run barefoot up and downe, threatning the flames,
With Biſon rhume, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanke and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught up.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venome ſteept,
'Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her husbands limbes,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Unleſſe things mortall move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has teares in's eyes: prethee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone. Good my Lord doe you ſee the Players well beſtowed, doe you heare, let them be well uſed, for they are the abſtract and briefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man much better, uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping? uſe them after your owne honour and dignity, the leſſe they deſerve the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee'll heare a play to morrow; doeſt thou heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'll hav't to morrow night: you could for need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen lines, or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe and inſert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night, you are welcome to *Elſenour*. *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Roſ.

Roſ. Good my Lord. *Exit.*

Ham. Iſo, God buy to you; now am I alone.
O what a Rogue and peſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here
But in a fiction, in a dreame of paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his owne conceit,
That from her working all the viſage wand,
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuting
With formes to his conceit, and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he doe
Had he the motive, and that for paſſion
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metled raskall, peake
Like *John*-a-dreames, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing, no not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt deare life
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate acroſſe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by'th noſe, gives me the lye i'th throat
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Hah? s'wounds I ſhould take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon liver'd, and lacke gall
To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould have fatted all the region Kites
With this ſlaves offall: bloudy, baudy villaine,
Remorſleſſe, trecherous, lecherous, kindleſſe villain.
Why what an Aſſe am I? this is moſt brave,
That I the ſonne of a deare father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt like a whore unpacke my heart with words,

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And fall a curſing like a very drabbe, ſtallion, fie upon't, foh.
About my braines, hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures ſitting at a Play
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it have no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile have theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle: Ile obſerve his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeene
May be a divell, and the divell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my weakneſſe and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me: Ile have grounds
More relative than this, the Play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne, Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Roſ. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true eſtate.
Quee. Did he receive you well?
Roſ. Moſt like a Gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players

We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it; they are here about the Court,
And as I thinke they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to entreat your Majeſties
To heare and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me,
To heare him ſo inclin'd:
Good Gentlemen give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ. & Guyl.*
King. Sweet *Gertrard* leave us two,
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he as 'twere by accident may here
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my ſelfe,
Wee'll ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſeene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him as he is behav'd,
If't be th'affliction of his love or no
That thus he ſuffers for.
Quee. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part *Ophelia* I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildneſſe, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.
Ophel. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. *Ophelia* walk you here: gracious ſo pleaſe you
We will beſtow our ſelves; read on this Booke,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſſe: we are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions viſage,
And pious action we doe ſugar o're
The divell himſelfe.
King. O 'tis too true:

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How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helpes it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heavie burden! *Enter Hamlet.*
Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: To dye to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe to ſay we end
The heart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhockes
That fleſh is heire to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſht, to dye to ſleepe,
To ſleep perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death what dreames may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt give us pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiſed love, and the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When as himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd Countrey, from whoſe borne
No traveller returnes, puzzels the will
And makes us rather beare thoſe ills we have,
Than flye to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of reſolution
Is ſicklied ore with the pale caſt of thought:
And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,

And loſe the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy Orizons?
Be all my ſins remembred?
Ophel. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thanke you, well.
Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now receive them.
Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.
Ophel. My honour'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſed
As made theſe things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe againe: for to the noble minde
Rich gifts waxe poore when givers prove unkind.
There my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt?
Ophel. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophel. What meanes your Lordſhip?
Ham. That if you bee honeſt and faire, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.
Ophel. Could beauty my Lord have better commerce
Than with honeſtie.
Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will ſooner transforme honeſtie from what it is to a baud, than the force of honeſtie can tranſlate beauty to his likeneſſe: this was ſometime a Paradoxe, but now the time gives it proofe. I did love you once.
Ophel. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeve ſo.
Ham. You ſhould not have beleev'd mee, for vertue cannot ſo evacuate our old ſtocke but we ſhall relliſh of it: I loved you not.
Ophel. I was the more deceived.
Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give thē ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I doe

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crawling betweene earth and heaven? we are arrant Knaves, beleeve none of us, go thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophel. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry, goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make your selves another, gig and amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no moe marriages, those that are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophel. O what a noble minde is here orethrowne!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suckt the honey of his Musicke vowes;
Now see what noble and most soveraigne reason
Like sweet bels jangled out of time, and harsh,
That unmatcht forme and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections doe not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch and the disclose

Will be some danger; which for to prevent
I have in quicke determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines still beating,
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well:
But yet I doe beleeve the origen and commencement of it
Sprung from neglected love: how now *Ophelia*?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him
To shew his griefe; let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madnesse in great ones must not unmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the Towne-crier spoke my lines: nor do not saw the aire too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent tempest, and, as I may say, whirle-wind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothnesse: O it offends mee to the soule to heare a robustious Perwig-pated fellow teare a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out-*Herods Herod*, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

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Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: now this over-done, or come tardy off, though it makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have seene play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journy-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reforme it altogether: and let those that play your Clownes speake no more than is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pitifull ambition in the Foole that uses it: goe, make you ready. How now my Lord? will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What hoe, *Horatio?*

Hora. Here sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as just a man
As ere my conversation cop't withall.

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?

No,

No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning: doest thou heare?
Since my deare soule was Mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh'ath seal'd thee for her selfe: for thou hast bin
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast ta'n with equall thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well comedled *co-mell'd*
That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this:
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my Fathers death;
I prethee when thou seest that Act on foot
Even with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy: give him heedfull note, *Smithy*
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joine
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this Play is playing
And scape detection, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play, I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet.*

Ham. Excellent i'faith,
Of the Cameleons dish, I eat the aire,

Pro-

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Promiſe-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.
King. I have nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You plai'd once in the Univerſity you ſay.
Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th Capitoll,
Brutus kill'd me.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capitall a calfe there.
Be the Players ready?
Roſ. I my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.
Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, ſit by me.
Ham. No good mother, here's metall more attractive.
Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?
Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?
Ophel. No my Lord.
Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrey matters?
Ophel. I thinke nothing my Lord.
Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between maids legs.
Ophel. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Ophel. You are merry my Lord.
Ham. Who I?
Ophel. I my Lord.
Ham. O God! your onely Jig-maker, what ſhould a man doe but be merry: for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.
Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.
Ham. So long! nay then let the divell weare black, for Ile have a ſute of ſables: O heavens! dye two months agoe, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his life halfe a yeere; but berLady a muſt build Churches then, or elſe ſhall a ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.

The Trumpets ſound. *Dumbe ſhew followes.*

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him

downe upon a banke of flowers, ſhe ſeeing him aſleepe, leaves him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, poures poiſon in the ſleepers eares, and leaves him: the Queene returnes, findes the King dead, makes paſſionate action, the poiſoner with ſome three or foure comes in again, ſeem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poiſoner woes the Queene with gifts, ſhe ſeemes harſh a while, but in the end accepts love.

Ophel. What meanes this my Lord?
Ham. Marry it is munching *Mallico*, it meanes miſchiefe.
Ophel. Belike this ſhew imports the argument of the Play.
Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'll tell all.
Ophel. Will a tell us what this ſhew meant?
Ha. I, or any ſhew that you will ſhew him, be not you aſham'd to ſhew, hee'll not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.
Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.
Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the poſie of a ring?
Ophel. 'Tis briefe my Lord.
Ham. As womans love.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes ſalt waſh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene
About the world have twelve times thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutuall in moſt ſacred bands.
Que. So many journies may the Sun and Moone
Make us againe count ore ere love be done:
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you my Lord it nothing muſt.
For women feare too much, even as they love,
And womans feare and love hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity.

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Now what my love is proofe hath made you know,
And as my love is ciz'd my feare is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
King. Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly too.
My operant powers their functions leave to doe,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou.
Quee. O confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second but who kill'd the first: *Ham*. That's wormwood.
The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.
King. I do beleeve you thinke what now you speak,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity;
Which now the fruit unripe stickes on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt;
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
The violence of either griefe or joy
Their owne enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revells griefe doth most lament:
Griefe joy, joy griefes, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advane'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

For who not needs shall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrowne:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But dye thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy;
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham*. If she should
If once I be a widow, ever I be a wife. break it now.
King. 'Tis deeply sworne: sweet leave me here a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.
Quee. Sleep rocke thy braine,
And never come mischance betweene us twaine. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.
Ham. O but shee'll keepe her word.
Kin. Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they doe but jest, poison in jest, no offence i'th (world.
King. What doe you call the play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap; marry how? tropically. This play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*. you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work, but what of that? your Majestie and we shall have free soules, it touches us not; let the galled jade winch, our withers are unwrung. This is one *Lucianus* Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Ophel. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love
If I could see the puppits dallying.

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Ophel. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off mine edge.
Ophel. Still better and worſe.
Ham. So you miſtake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking raven doth bellow for revenge.
Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Conſiderate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* bane thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholſome life uſurps immediately.
Ham. A poiſons him i'th garden for his eſtate, his name's *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.
Ophel. The King riſes.
Quee. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Give ore the play.
King. Give me ſome light, away.
Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham & Horatio.*
Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deere goe weep,
The Hart ungalled play,
For ſome muſt watch while ſome muſt ſleep,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this ſir, and a forreſt of feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial Roſes on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a city of plaiers?
Hora. Halfe a ſhare.
Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doeſt know O *Damon* deare
This realme diſmantled was
Of *Jove* himſelfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiocke.
Hora. You might have rim'd.
Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?
Hora. Very well my Lord.
Ham. Upon the talke of the poiſoning.
Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

Ham. Ah ha, come ſome muſicke, come the Recorders,
For if the King likes not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come, ſome muſicke.
Enter Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.
Guyl. Good my Lord vouchſafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir a whole Hiſtorie.
Guyl. The King ſir.
Ham. I ſir, what of him?
Guyl. Is in his retirement marvellous diſtempered.
Ham. With drinke ſir?
Guyl. No my Lord, with choler.
Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer to ſignifie this to the Doctor; for for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.
Guyl. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame,
And ſtare not ſo wildly upon my affaire.
Ham. I am tame ſir, pronounce.
Guyl. The Queene your mother in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Guy. Nay good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed, if it ſhall pleaſe you to make mee a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne ſhall be the end of the buſineſſe.
Ham. Sir I cannot.
Roſ. What my Lord?
Ha. Make you a wholſome anſwer, my wit's diſeas'd, but ſir, ſuch anſwer as I can make you ſhall command, or rather as you ſay, my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you ſay.
Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſaies, your behaviour hath ſtrooke her into amazement and admiration.
Ham. O wonderfull ſonne that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! but is there no ſequell at the heels of this mothers admiration? impart.
Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.
Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother; have you any further trade with us?
Roſ. My Lord you once did love me.

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Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you doe ſurely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke?*

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but while the graſſe growes; the proverbe is ſomething muſty: oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you; why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Gu. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanerly

Ha. I do not well underſtand that: will you play upon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeve me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventages with your fingers and the thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick: look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would plucke out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound mee from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſicke, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeake, s'bloud do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play upon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ha. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and 'tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is blacke like a Wezell.

Ham.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by;
They foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by,
Leave me friends.
I will, ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid.
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breathes out
Contagion to the world: now could I drinke hot blood,
And doe ſuch buſineſſe as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: ſoft, now to my mother,
O heart loſe not thy nature! let not ever
The ſoule of *Nero* enter this firme boſome!
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall.
I will ſpeake daggers to her, but uſe none,
My tongue and ſoule in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeales never my ſoule conſent.

Enter King, Roſencraus, and Guyldenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſſe range; therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The tearmes of our eſtate may not endure
Hazzard ſo neare us as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our ſelves provide;
Moſt holy and religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance, but much more
That ſpirit, upon whoſe weale depends and reſts
The lives of many: the ceſſe of Majeſty
Dyes not alone, but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neare it with it: or it is a maſſie wheele,
Fixt on the ſommet of the higheſt mount,

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To whose huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boiſtrous raine, never alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grone.
King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free footed.
Roſ. We will make haſte. *Exeunt Gent.*
Enter Polonius.
Pol. My Lord hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras Ile convay my ſelfe
To heare the proceſſe, Ile warnt ſhee'l tax him home;
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I heare. *Exit.*
King. Thankes deare my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe upon't;
A brothers murder: pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed hand
Were thicker than it ſelfe with brothers blood?
Is there not raine enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:
My fault is paſt: but oh! what forme of prayer
Can ſerve my turne? forgive me my foule murther?
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt

Of

Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offences guided hand may ſhew by juſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lyes
In his true nature, and we our ſelves compeld
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence: what then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate! O boſome blacke as death!
O limed ſoule! that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angels, make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborn knees, and hearts with ſtrings of ſteele
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new-borne babe,
All may be well. *Enter Hamlet.*
Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is praying,
And now Ile do't, and ſo a goes to heaven,
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
A villaine kills my father, and for that
I his ſole ſonne doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heaven:
Why this is baſe and filly, —— not revenge:
A tooke my father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtands who knowes ſave heaven?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavie with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No,
Up ſword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act

That

That has no relliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him that his heele may kicke at heaven,
And that his ſoule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes: my mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe. *Exit.*
Enter Gertrard and Polonius.
Pol. A will come ſtrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes have bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heat and him. Ile ſilence me even here,
Pray you be round. *Enter Hamlet.*
Ger. Ile warrant you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe, goe, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not budge,
You goe not till I ſet you up a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me?
Helpe ho.
Pol. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead,
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Ger. O what a raſh and bloody deed is this!

Ham.

Ham. A bloudy deed, almoſt as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger As killa King?
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findeſt to be too buſie is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome have not braz'd it ſo,
That it be prooſe and bulwarke againſt ſenſe.
Ger. What have I done, that thou dareſt wagge thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers oathes: Oh ſuch a deed
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very ſoule, and ſweet Religion makes
A rapſodie of words, heavens face does glow
Ore this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome,
Is thought-ſicke at the act.
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ha. That roares ſo loud, and thunders in the Index:
Looke here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers;
See what a grace was ſeated on his brow,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Jove* himſelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ſtation like the Herald *Mercury*
New lighted on a heave, a kiſſing hill,
A combination and forme indeed
Where every god did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.

This

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This was your husband: look you now what follows,
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother: have you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
Is apoplext, for madnesse would not erre,
Nor sense to extasie was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference: What divell was't
That thus hath couzen'd you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones
To flaming youth, let vertue be as waxe
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne,
And reason pardons will.
Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and grieved spots
As will leave there their tinct.
Ham. Nay but to live
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the nasty stye.
Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine eares,
No more sweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

A slave

A slave that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket. *Enter Ghost.*
Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Save me and hover ore me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alasse hee's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardie sonne to chide,
That lap'st in time, and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command? O say!
Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits;
O step betweene her and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Ger. Alasse how is't with you,
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts up and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience: whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable; doe not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My sterne effects; then what I have to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.
Ger. To whom doe you speake this?
Ham. Doe you see nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

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Ger. No nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liv'd,
Looke where he goes, even now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation extaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull muſick: it is not madneſſe
That I have utred, bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word, which madneſſe
Would gambole from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not this flattering unction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes;
It will but skin and filme the ulcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects unſeene: confeſſe your ſelfe to heaven,
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courb and wooe for leave to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet*, thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe.
Goodnight, but goe not to my uncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you have it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſenſe doth eat,
Of habits divell, is Angel yet in this,
That to the uſe of actions faire and good
He likewiſe gives a frocke or Livery
That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
And that ſhall lend a kinde of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie;
For uſe almoſt can change the ſtampe of nature,
And maſter the Divell, or throw him out
With wondrous potency: Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt

Ile bleſſing beg of you: for this ſame Lord
I doe repent, but heaven hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter:
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo againe good night.
I muſt be cruell onely to be kinde,
Thus bad begins, and worſe remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.
Ger. What ſhall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you to bed againe,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know,
For who that's but Queen, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddocke, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deare concernings hide? who would doe ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecie
Unpeg the basket on the houſes top,
Let the birds flye, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou aſſur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to England, you know that.
Ger. Alacke I had forgot,
'Tis ſo concluded on.
Ha. There's letters ſeal'd, & my two ſchool-fellows,
Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandate, they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhall me to knavery; let it worke,
For 'tis the ſport, to have the Enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard

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But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome.
Mother good night indeed, this Counseller
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaves,
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your sonne?
Gert. Bestow this place on us a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what have I seene to night?
King. What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet*?
Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseene good old man.
King. O heavie deed!
It had been so with us had we been there,
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?
Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
Ore whom his very madnesse, like some Ore

Among a minerall of metalls base,
Shewes it selfe pure, a weeps for what is done.
King. Gertrard come away,
The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guyld.*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe joine with you some further aide,
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him;
Goe seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haste in this:
Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe,
And what's untimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter,
As levell as the Cannon to his blanke
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse aire: O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ha. Safely stow'd: but softly, what noise? who calls on *Hamlet*?
O here they come.
Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto it is kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.
Ham. Doe not beleeve it.
Ros. Beleeve what?
Ham. That I can keepe your counsell and not mine owne; besides, to bee demanded of a spunge, what replication should bee made by the sonne of a King?
Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?
Ha. I sir, that sokes up the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities: but such Officers doe the King best service in the end, he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeesing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

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Roſ. I underſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My Lord you muſt tell us where the body is, and goe with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body: the King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe?
Yet muſt we not put the ſtrong law on him,
Hee's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where 'tis ſo, th'offenders ſcourge is waigh'd,
But never the offence: to beare all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe; diſeaſes deſperate growne
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus, and all the reſt.

King. How now? what hath befallen?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ha. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and wee fat our ſelves for maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eat of a King, eat

eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worme.

King. What doeſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may goe a progreſſe through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heaven, ſend thither to ſee, if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe: but indeed if you find him not within this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Goe ſeeke him there.

Ham. A will ſtay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deed for thine eſpeciall ſafety,
Which we doe tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is ready, and the winde at helpe,
Th'aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub that ſees them: but come, for *England*:
Farewell deare mother.

King. Thy loving father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother.
Come, for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboard,
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night:
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leanes on the affaire; pray you make haſte:
And *England*, if my love thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh ſword, and thy free awe
Paies homage to us, thou maiſt not coldly ſet

Our

Our Soveraigne processe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbrasse*
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Majestie would ought with us
We shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doe't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How propos'd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truely to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name,
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Cap. Nay 'tis already garrisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules and 20000 duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and shewes no cause without
Why the man dyes. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap.

Cap. God buy your sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,
And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in us unus'd: now whether it be
Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward: I doe not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doe't: examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnesse this army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puft
Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortall and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egge-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to finde quarrell in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine? O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

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Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would she have?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sense, her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. *Enter Ophelia.*

Quee. "To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
" Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse;
" So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
" It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majesty of *Denmarke?*

Quee. How now *Ophelia?* *She sings.*

Ophel. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staffe, and by his sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse-greene turfe, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers, *Song.*
Which bewept to the ground did not goe,
With true love showers.

King.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter: Lord, we know what wee are, but know not what wee may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it meanes, say you this.
To morrow is S. *Valentines* day, *Song.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your *Valentine.*
Then up he rose, and dond his clothes, and dupt the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maide, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophel. Indeed, without an oath, Ile make an end on't.
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alacke and fie for shame,
Young men will doe't if they come to't,
by cocke they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me you promis'd me to wed.
(He answers.) So should I a done, by yonder sun
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient: but I cannot chuse but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold ground; my brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your good counsell.
Come my coach, good night Ladies, good night,
Sweet Ladies good night, good night.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deep griefe, it springs all from her fathers death: and now behold O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When sorrowes come they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first, her father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author
Of his owne just remove; the people muddied,
Thicke and unwholsome in thoughts and whispers
For good *Polonius* death, & we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him; poore *Ophelia*

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Divided from her ſelfe and her faire judgement,
Without which we are but pictures, or meere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelfe in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd
Will nothing ſticke our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-Peece in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers? let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?
Meſſen. Save your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his liſt
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſte
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chuſe we *Laertes* to be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.
Que. How cheerfully on the falſe traile they cry, *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter you falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.
All. No let's come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you, keep the doore. O thou vile King
Give me my father.
Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me baſtard,

Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaſt unſmerched brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo Giant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our perſon,
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will: tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens't: let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Que. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be jugled with:
To hell allegeance, vowes to the blackeſt Divell,
Conſcience and grace to the profoundeſt pit,
I dare damnation, to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes, Ile husband them ſo well
They ſhall goe farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*, if you deſire to know the certainty
Of your deare father, is't writ in your revenge,
That ſoop-ſtake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kinde life-rendring Pelican
Repaſt them with my blood.
King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death,

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And am moſt ſenſible in griefe for it,
It ſhall as levell to your judgement peare
As day does to your eye. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now? what noiſe is that?
O heat dry up my braines, teares ſeven times ſalt
Burne out the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye:
By heaven thy madneſſe ſhall be paid with waight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May!
Deare maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*!
O heavens! is't poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!
Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his grave rain'd many a teare.
Fare you well my Dove.
Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade revenge
It could not move thus.
Ophel. You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his Maſters daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.
Ophel. There's Roſemary, that's for remembrance, pray you love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for you, and here's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference; there's a Daſie: I would give you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my father died; they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy.
Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to favour and to prettineſſe.
Ophel. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He never will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,

Flaxen

Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away moane,
God a mercy on his ſoule, and all Chriſtian ſoules.
God buy you.
Laer. Doe you this O God?
King. Laertes I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right; goe but a part.
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaterall hand
They finde us toucht, we will our kingdome give,
Our Crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoule
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No Trophey, ſword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation
Cry to be heard as 'twere from earth to heaven,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall,
And where th'offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?
Gen. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they have Letters for you.
Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*
Say. God bleſſe you ſir.
Hora. Let him bleſſe thee too.
Say. A ſhall ſir an't pleaſe him. There's a letter for you ſir, it came from the Embaſſadour that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.
Hor. Horatio, when thou ſhalt have over-look't this, give theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they have Letters for him. Ere

wee

we were two dayes old at sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of saile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: in the instant they got cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like theeves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst flye death. I have words to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good-fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold their course for *England*, of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

So that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

Hora. Come, I will make you way for these your Letters,
And doe't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these feates
So criminall and capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnesse, wisdome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O for two speciall reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinnow'd,
But yet to me tha're strong: the Queen his mother
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so conclive to my life and soule,
That as the starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,

Who

Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly timbered for so loved armes,
Would have reverted to my bow againe,
But not where I have aim'd them.

Laer. And so I have a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Whose worth, if praises may goe backe again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleeps for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beards be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime: you shortly shall heare more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? who brought them?

Mess. Sailers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leave us.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome: to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly eyes, when I shall (first asking you pardon) thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden returne.

King. What should this meane? are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked!
And in a post-script here he saies alone,
Can you devise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

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King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now returned
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.
King It falls right:
You have bin talkt of ſince your travell much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſumme of parts
Did not together pluckе ſuch envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe livery that it weares,
Than ſetled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveneſſe: two months ſince
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I have ſeene my ſelfe, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-backe; but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew unto his ſeat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe
As he had bin incorp'ſt and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo farre he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King.

King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Upon my life *Lamord*.
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gemme of all the Nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye
If you oppos'd them: ſir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenome with his envie,
That he could nothing doe, but wiſh and begge
Your ſudden comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. *Laertes*, was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aſke you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it;
There lives within the very flame of love
A kinde of wieke or ſnuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſſe ſtill;
For goodneſſe growing to a pleurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe,
We ſhould doe when we would: for this *Would* changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this *Should* is like a ſpend-thrift ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing: but to the quicke of th'ulcer,
Hamlet comes backe, what would you undertake
To ſhew your ſelfe indeed your fathers ſonne

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More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.
King. No place indeed ſhould murder ſanctuarize,
Revenge ſhould have no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this? keep cloſe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd ſhall know you are come home,
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foiles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will doe't;
And for the purpoſe Ile annoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebanke:
So mortall, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moone, can ſave the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht withall; Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſleightly it may be death.
King. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conveiance both of time and meanes
May fit us to our ſhape if this ſhould faile,
And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twere better not aſſay'd. Therefore this project
Should have a backe or ſecond, that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe: ſoft, let me ſee,
We'll make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile have prefer'd him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tucke,
Our purpoſe may hold there. But ſtay, what noiſe?

Enter

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Quee. There is a willow growes aſcaunt the brook,
That ſhewes his hoarie leaves in the glaſſie ſtreame,
Therewith fantaſticke garlands did ſhe make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daſies, and long Purples,
That liberall ſhepheards give a groſſer name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call thē,
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſhiver broke,
When downe her weedy trophеys and her ſelfe
Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
Which time ſhe chanted ſnatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavie with their drinke
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alaſſe then is ſhe drown'd?
Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia,*
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I have a ſpeech afire that faine would blaſe,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*
King. Let's follow *Gertrard*;
How much I had to doe to calme his rage!
Now feare I this will give it ſtart againe,
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clow. Is ſhe to be buried in Chriſtian buriall, when ſhe wilfully ſeekes her owne ſalvation?

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Othe. I tell thee ſhee is, therefore make her grave ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, unleſſe he drown'd her ſelfe in her own defence?

Oth. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clow. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be elſe; for here lies the point, if I drowne my ſelfe wittingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; ſhee drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay but heare you goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lyes the water, good, here ſtands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himſelfe, it is will he nill he; he goes, marke you that: but if the water come to him and drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe; argall hee that is not guilty of his owne death ſhortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners queſt law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth ant't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman ſhe ſhould have bin buried out a Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou ſaiſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſten: Come my ſpade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* profeſſion.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. A was the firſt that ever bore armes.

Ile put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt mee not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds ſtronger than either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-lives a thouſand tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes does well, but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill, now thou doeſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger than the Church, argall the gallowes may doe well to thee. To't againe, come.

Oth. Who builds ſtronger than a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow.

Clow. I, tell me that and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Othe. Maſſe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull aſſe wil not mend his pace with beating, & when you are askt this queſtiõ next, ſay a grave-maker, the houſes he makes laſt till Doomeſday. Goe get thee in, and fetch me a ſoope of liquor.

In youth when I did love did love, *Song.*
Me thought it was very ſweet
To contract O the time for a my behove,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſſe? a ſings in grave-making.

Hor. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſineſſe.

Ha. 'Tis een ſo, the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clow. But age with his ſtealing ſteps *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
as if I had never bin ſuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if 'twere *Cains* jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther: this might be the pate of a Politician which this aſſe now ore-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good morrow my Lord, how doeſt thou ſweet Lord? This might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my Lord ſuch a ones horſe when a meant to beg it, might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een ſo, and now my Lady worms Chopples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sextens ſpade; here's fine revolution and we had the tricke to ſee't, did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding but to play at loggits with them? mine ake to think on't.

Clow. A pickax and a ſpade a ſpade,
for and a ſhrowding ſheet,

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O a pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawier? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this mad knave now to knocke him about the sconce with a dirty shovell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles, than the length and bredth of a paire of Indentures? the very conveiances of his land will scarcely lye in this boxe, and must th'inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor I my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seeke out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: Whose grave's this sirrah?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it's thine indeed, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lye out on't sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye sir, 'twill againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doest thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speake by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord *Horatio* this 3. yeeres I have took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbrasse.*

Ham.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that is mad and sent into *England.*

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England?*

Clow. Why? because a was mad, a shall recover his wits there, or if a doe not 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmarke:* I have bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before he dye, as wee have many pocky coarses that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeere, or nine yeere; a Tanner will last you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why sir his hide is so tan'd with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lyen you i'th earth (23. yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whorson mad fellows it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yorickes* skull the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poor *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kist I know not how oft: where bee your jibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a

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roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln?
Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till a finde it stopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!
But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corse.*
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of some estate:
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies have bin as far inlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground unsanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Doct. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem* and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest
A ministring Angel shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What? the faire *Ophelia?*

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st have bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe!
Fall ten times double on that curst head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense
Deprived thee of: hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes.
Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made
T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an *emphasis*, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
Hamlet the *Dane*.

Laer. The Divell take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well; I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand.

King. Plucke them asunder.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

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All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theam
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum: What wilt thou doe for her?
King. O he is mad *Laertes*.
Quee. For love of God forbeare him.
Ham. Swounds ſhew me what thou't doe,
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy (ſelfe,
Woo't drink up Eſill, eat a Crocodile?
Ile doe't: doeſt thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Cindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When that her golden cuplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you well, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dogge will have his day. *Exit Hamlet*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him. *& Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch over your ſonne,
This Grave ſhall have a living monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee,
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this ſir, now ſhall you ſee the other:
You doe remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord?
Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleep, me thought I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the Bilbo's, raſhly,
And prais'd be raſhneſſe for it; let us know
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well
When our deep plots do fall, & that ſhould learn us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me, in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold
(My feares forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royall knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many ſeverall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,
With hoe ſuch Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperviſe, no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.
Hora. Is't poſſible?
Ha. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leiſure:
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed?
Hora. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines
They had begun the Play: I ſate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire:
I once did hold it, as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but ſir now

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It did me yeomans service; wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As love between them like the Palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare,
And stand a *Comma* 'tweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.
Hora. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant:
I had my fathers signet in my purse,
Which was the modell of that *Danish* seale,
Folded the writ up in the forme of th'other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't thimpression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never known; now the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So *Guyldenstern* and *Rosencraus* go to't.
Ha. They are not neare my conscience, their defeat
Does by their owne insinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the passe and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why what a King is this!
Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cosenage, is't not perfect conscience?
Enter a Courtier.
Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to *Denmarke.*
Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.
Doest know this Water-flye?

Hora.

Hora. No my good Lord.
Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him; he hath much land and fertill, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the Kings messe; 'tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.
Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.
Ham. I will receive it sir with all diligence of spirit; your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.
Cour. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.
Ham. No beleeve me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
Ham. But yet me thinks it is very soultry and hot, for my complexion.
Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie unto you, that a has laid a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.
Ham. I beseech you remember.
Cour. Nay good my Lord, for my ease in good faith. Sir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeve mee an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: indeed, to speake feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall finde in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.
Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick of memory, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quicke saile; but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be soule of a great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.
Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.
Ham. The concernancy sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?
Cour. Sir.
Hora. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue, you will doe't sir really.
Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour.

Cour. Of *Laertes?*

Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him ſir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did ſir; yet in faith if you did it would not much approve me: well ſir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himſelfe.

Cour. I meane ſir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Cour. The King ſir hath wager'd with him ſixe *Barbery* horſes, againſt the which he has impawn'd as I take it ſix *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as girdle, hanger, and ſo: three of the carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Cour. The carriages ſir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, ſixe *Barbary* horſes againſt ſixe *French* ſwords, their aſſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath laid ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him he ſhall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke here in the hall, if it pleaſe his Majeſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame and the odde hits.

Cour.

Cour. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours does well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſo ſir with his dugge before a ſuckt it; thus has he & many more of the ſame breed that I know, the droſſie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kinde of miſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt profane and trennowned opinions; and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majeſtie commended him to you by young *Oſtricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the Kings pleaſure; if his fitneſſe ſpeaks, mine is ready, now or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you goe to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me.

Hor. You will loſe my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into *France* I have bin in continuall practice; I ſhall win at the oddes: thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is ſuch a kind of game-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind diſlike any thing obey it, I ſhall foreſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury, there is a ſpeciall providence in the fall of a Sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readineſſe is all, ſince no man of ought he leaves knowes what is't to

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leave betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions, King, Queen, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaime was madnesse.
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never *Hamlet*;
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madnesse: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemy;
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow ore the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honour
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I have a voice and president of peace
To my name ungor'd: but all that time
I doe receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ha. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Give us the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Sticke fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

Kin. Give them the foils young *Osrick*; cosin *Hamlet*,
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord:
Your Grace has laid the odds a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I have seen you both,
But since he is better we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavie, let me see another.

Ha. This likes me wel, these foils have all a length

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;
If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw
Richer than that which foure successive Kings
In *Denmarks* Crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,
The Trumpet to the Canoneer without,
The Cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*: come begin, *Trumpets the while.*
And you the Judges beare a warie eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palbable hit. *Drum, Trumpets, and shot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a Peece goes off.*

King. Stay, give me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come, another hit, what say you?

Laer. I doe confesse.

King. Our sonne shall win.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy browes:

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The Queen carowſes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſoned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come, for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am ſure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on.
Oſtr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
King. Part them, they are incens't.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Oſtr. Looke to the Queen there ho.
Hora. They bleed on both ſides, how is't my Lord?
Oſtr. How is't *Laertes*?
Lae. Why as a woodcock to mine own ſpringe *Oſtricke*,
I am juſtly kill'd with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſwounes to ſee them bleed.
Que. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke, the drinke, I am poyſoned.
Ham. O villaine! ho let the doore be lockt,
Treachery, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art ſlaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foule practice
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me; lo here I lye
Never to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſon'd,
I am no more, the King, the King's to blame.
Ha. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work. (*He ſtabbs the King.*

All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou inceſtuous damned *Dane*,
Drinke off this potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my mother. (ſelfe.
Lae. He is juſtly ſerv'd, it is a poyſon temper'd by him-
Exchange forgiveneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) O I could tell you;
But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liveſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
Hora. Never beleeve it,
I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile hav't:
O God *Horatio* what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall I leave behind me?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine *A march a*
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this? *farre off.*
Enter Oſricke.
Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt come from *Poland*
Th'Embaſſadors of *England* gives this warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my ſpirit;
I cannot live to heare the newes from *England*,
But I doe propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*; he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th'occurrents more and leſſe

Which

Which have ſolicited : the reſt in ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet
And flight of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt. (Prince,
Why does the drum come hither ?
Enter Fortinbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.
Fort. Where is this ſight ?
Hor. What is it you would ſee ?
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch ?
For. This quarry cryes on havock : O proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine infernall Cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke ?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenſeleſſe that ſhould gives us hearing.
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſtern* are dead,
Where ſhould we have our thanks ?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you ;
He never gave commandement for their death.
But ſince ſo jumpe upon this bloody queſtion
You from the *Pollack* wars, and you from *England*
Are here arrived, give order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to'th yet unknowing world
How theſe things came about ; ſo ſhall you heare
Of cruell, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, caſuall ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the inventors heads : all this can I
Truely deliver.
Fort. Let us haſte to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience :
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth invite me.

Horā.

Hora. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw no more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while mens minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.
Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T' have prov'd moſt royall : and for his paſſage,
The Souldiers muſick and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him.
Take up the bodies ; ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhewes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the Souldiers ſhoot. *Exeunt*.

FINIS.

THE MERRY VVIVES OF WINDSOR.

With the humours of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*,
As alſo the ſwaggering vaine of Ancient
Piſtoll, and Corporall *Nym*.

Written by *William Shake-Speare*.

Newly corrected.

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1630.

THE MERRY VVIVES OF VVINSOR.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Maſter Page, Falſtoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Anne Page, Miſtreſſe Ford, Miſtreſſe Page, Simple.

Shallow.

Sir *Hugh*, perſwade mee not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if he were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtoffe*, hee ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire.

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Iuſtice of Peace and Coram.

Shal. I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum.*

Slen. I, and *Rotulorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Parſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

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Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an olde Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: *It* is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. *It* is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if hee ha's a quarter of your coate, there is but three Shirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my praine, which peradueniture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtris Anne Page? ſhee has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perſon for all the world, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Monies, and Gold, & Siluer, is her Grand-ſire vpon his deaths-bed (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue; when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeuen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gifts.

Euan.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, & poſſibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs ſee honeſt Maſter *Page* is *Falſtaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lyer, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Maſter *Page*. What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

Maſter Page. Who's there?

Euen. Here is go't's pleſſing and your friend, and Iuſtice *Shallow*, & heere young Maſter *Slender*: that peraduentures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Maſter Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Veniſon Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good doe it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better, it was ill killed: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Page*? and I thanke you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your ſallow Greyhound, Sir, *I* heard ſay he was out-run on *Cotſall*.

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſſe, you'll not confeſſe.

Shal. That hee will not, 'tis your fault: 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more ſaid? he is good and faire. *Is* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and *I* would *I* could doe a good office betweene you.

Euan. *It* is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me Maſter *Page*.)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

Shal. *If* it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (M. *Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith hee is wronged.

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Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolfe*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) and there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Ma.Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? hee heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen.

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did he, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeauen groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Euan. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall; froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

Slen By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, hee in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheerd: and ſo conclusions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile bee drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Ma.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*?

Maſter Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris Ford, by my troth you are very well met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

Maſter

Maſter Page. Wife bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Veniſon paſty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all vnkindneſſe.

Slen. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muſt wait on my ſelfe, muſt I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, wee ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderſtand me?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable, if it be ſo, I ſhall doe that that is reaſon-

Shal. Nay, but vnderſtand me:

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions: (*Maſter Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* ſaies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Countrie, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Euan. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Miſt. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why if it be ſo; I will marry her vpon any reaſonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'oman, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for diuers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maide?

Shal. Cozen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will doe as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Euan. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeake poſſitable,

poſſitable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt.

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requeſt (Coſen) in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay conceiue mee, conceiue mee, (ſweet Coz): what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz) can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt; but if there be no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreaſe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occaſion to know one another; I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content; but if you ſay mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely diſſolued, and diſſolutely.

Euan. It is a fery diſcretion-anſwere; ſaue the fall is in the 'ord, diſſolutely; the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I thinke my Coſen meant well.

Slen. I or elſe I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Miſtris *Anne*; would I were yong for your ſake, Miſtris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your worſhips company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Miſtris *Anee*.

Euan. Od's pleſſed-will; I will not be abſence at the grace

An. Wil't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thanke you forſooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forſooth; goe Sirha, for all you are my man, goe waite vpon my Coſen *Shallow*; a Iuſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I liue like a a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worſhip; they will not ſit till you come.

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Slen. I'faith, ile eate nothing, I thanke you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you Sir walke in.

Slen. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*, you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Slen. That's meate and drinke to me now; I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine, but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt. But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on Sir.

Slen. Miſtris *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Slen. Truely I will not goe firſt, truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Slen. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome, you do your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Euan. Go your wayes, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which

which is the way; and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Euan. Nay, it is petter yet; giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*. I pray you bee gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſchollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Ceſar*, *Keiſer* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*; he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap; ſaid I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.)

Ho. I haue ſpoke, let him follow, let me ſee thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him; a *Tapſter* is a good trade, an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin, a wither'd Seruingman, a freſh Tapſter; goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue deſir'd, I will thriue.

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Ni. He was gotten in drinke, is not the humor conceited

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox, his Theſts were too open, his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

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Nim. The good humor is to ſteale at a minunte̅s reſt.

Piſt. Conuay: the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kſbes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift,

Piſt. Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſt. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, *I* will tell you what *I* am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*; (*I*ndeede *I* am in the waſt two yards about; but *I* am now about no waſte: *I* am about thrift) briefely; *I* doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife; *I* ſpie entertainment in her, ſhee diſcourſes, ſhee craues, ſhe giues the leere of inuitation; *I* can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is *I am Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe; will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe; he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many diuels entertaine; and to her Boy ſay *I.*

Ni The humor riſes: it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. *I* haue writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue me good eyes too; examined my parts with moſt iudicious illiads; ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. *I* thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch mee vp like a burning-glaſſe; here's another letter to her; She beares the Purſe too; Shee is a Region in *Guiana*; all gold, and bountie; *I* will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee; they ſhall

ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt *I*ndies, and *I* will trade to them both; Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page*; and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*; wee will thriue (Lads) wee will thriue.

Piſt. Shall *I* Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. *I* will run no baſe humor; here take the humor-Letter; *I* will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you theſe Letters rightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſtones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: ſeeke ſhelter, packe,
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and skirted *Page.*

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd, and Fullam holds, and high and low beguiles the rich and poore,
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. *I* haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, *I*;
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to *Ford.*

Piſt. And *I* to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humor ſhall not coole; *I* will incenſe *Ford*, to deale with poyſon; *I* will poſſeſſe him with yallowneſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous; that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*; *I* ſecond thee; troope on.

Exeunt.

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Scœna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* coming; if he do (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe; here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: & I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedebate: his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qui. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers paring-knife?

Si. No forſooth, he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard, a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth, but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head; hee hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you; oh, I ſhould remember him, do's hee not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qui. Well, heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune; Tell Maſter Parſon, *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter; *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh——

Ru. Out alas, here comes my Maſter.

Qu. Wee ſhall all be ſhent; Run in here, good young man;

man, goe into this Cloſſet: hee will not ſtay long? what *Iohn Rugby*? *Iohn*; what *Iohn* I ſay? goe *Iohn*, goe enquire for my Maſter, I doubt hee be not well, that hee comes not home, (*and downe, downe, downe'a, &c.*

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des toyes, pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloſſt, vnboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box; do intend vat I ſpeake? greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himſelfe: if hee had found the yong man he would haue beene horne-mad.

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for chando, Ie wan voi a le Court la grand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:
Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*; Come, take your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot, I tarry too long, od's-me: *que ay ie oublie* dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, and be mad.

Ca. O *Diable*, *Diable*; vat is in my Cloſſet?
Villaine, La-roone; *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet, here is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke; heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parſon *Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth: to deſire her to——

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome paper: tarry you a littell-a while.

Qu. I am glad hee is ſo quiet: if hee had bin throughly moued, you ſhould haue heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly; but notwithſtanding man, Ile doe yoe your Maſter what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is that French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcowre, dreſſe meate and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my ſelfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a vis'd o' that? you ſhall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and downe late; but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in loue with Miſtris *Anne Page*; but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Iack 'Nape; giue-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcuruy Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make: ——you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not haue a ſtone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas, he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat; do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall haue *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iacke Prieſt; and I haue appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon, by gar, I will my ſelfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all ſhall bee well; Wee muſt giue folkes leaue to prate; what the good-ier.

Caius.

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if *I* haue not *Anne Page*, *I* ſhall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne; No, *I* know *Ans* mind for that; neuer a woman in *W. d/or* knowes more of *Ans* minde then *I* doe, nor can doe more then *I* doe with her, *I* thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, *I* troa? Come neere the houſe *I* pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhee is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heauen for it.

Fen. Shall *I* doe any good thinkſt thou? ſhall *I* not looſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue; but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) *Ile* be ſworne on a booke ſhee loues you; haue not your Worſhip a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I ſhall neuer laugh but in that maids company, but (indeed) ſhee is giuen too much to Allicholy and muſing; but for you—— well—goe too——

Fen. Well, I ſhall ſee her to day; hold, there's money for thee. Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me.——

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will; And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip; truely an honeſt

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Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not, for *I* know *Anne* minde as well as another do's, out vpon't, what haue *I* forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Mi. Page. What, haue *I* ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am *I* now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee.

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his preciſian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo doe I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay, pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight, *IohnFalſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world. One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a young Gallant? What an vnwaied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation, that hee dares *In* this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice *In* my Company, what ſhould *I* ſay to him? *I* was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee,) why ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men, how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was going to you: you looke very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, ile nere beleeue that; I haue to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ. Page 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miſ. Fords Well: I doe then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary; O Miſtris *Page*, giue mee ſome counſaile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miſ. Ford. O woman; if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Miſ Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour; what is it? diſpence with trifles; what is it?

Miſ. Ford If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or ſo; I could be knighted.

Miſ. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knights will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Miſ. Ford. Wee burne day-light; heere, read, read; perceiue how I might be knighted, I ſhall thinke the worſe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking; and yet hee would not ſweare: praiſe womens modeſty; and gaue ſuch orderly and welbehaued reproofe to all vncomelineſſe, that I would haue ſworn his diſpoſition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keepe place together, then the hundred Pſalmes to the tune of Greene-ſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale, (with ſo many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'ſhoare at Windſor? How ſhall I be reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt haue melted him in his owne greaſe. Did you euer heare the like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs; to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, heer's the twyn-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine neuer ſhall: I warrant hee hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ

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with blancke-ſpace for different names (ſure more) & theſe are of the ſecond edition; he wil print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſſe, when he would put vs two; I had rather be a Gianteſſe & lye vnder Mount *Pelion*. Well; I will finde you twentie laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

Miſ. Ford. Why this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words, what doth he thinke of vs?

Miſ. Page. Nay I know not; it makes me almoſt readie to wrangle with mine owne honeſty; Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall, for ſure vnleſſe hee know ſome ſtraine in mee, that I know not my ſelfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

Miſ. Ford. Boording, call you it? *Ile* be ſure to keepe him aboue decke.

Miſ. Page. So will *I*, if hee come vnder my hatches, *Ile* neuer to Sea againe. Let's be reueng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, giue him a ſhow of comfort in his Suite, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, *I* will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty; oh that my husband ſaw this Letter; it would giue eternall food to his iealouſie.

Miſ. Page. Why looke where he comes; and my good man too; hee's as farre from iealouſie, as I am from giuing him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ. Page. Let's conſult together against this greaſie Knight; Come hither.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires;
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poore, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-

Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Piſtoll. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piſt. The horne I ſay: Farewell.
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds doe ſing.
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*.
Beleeue it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſence.

Ford. I will be patient; I will finde out this.

Nim. And this is true; I like not the humor of lying, hee haue wronged mee in ſome humors; I ſhould haue borne the humour'd Letter to her, but I haue a ſword, and it ſhall bite vpon my neceſſitie, he loues your wife; There's the ſhort and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*, I ſpeak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*, and *Falſtaffe* loues your wife, adieu, I loue not the humour of bread & cheeſe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights Engliſh out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeeke out *Falſtaffe*.

Page. I neuer heard ſuch a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue ſuch a *Cataian*, though the Prieſt o'th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow, well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Miſ. Page. Whither goe you (*George*?) harke you.

Miſ. Ford. How now (ſweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home, goe.

Miſ. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head, Now, will you goe, *Miſtris Page*?

Miſ. Page. Haue with you, you'll come to dinner *George*?
Looke who comes yonder; ſhee ſhall bee our Meſſenger

to this paltrie Knight.

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her; ſhee'll fit it.

M. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Qui, I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne?*

Miſ. Page. Go in with vs and ſee, wee haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em ſlaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men, very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him, and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turne them together, a man may bee too confident, I would haue nothing lye on my head, I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke, thou'rt a Gentleman, Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow, Good-euen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*) Maſter *Page*, will you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Huge* the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th'Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and (I thinke) appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue me) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Caualeire?

Ford. None, I proteſt, but ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*, onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully,) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight, will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut Sir, I could haue told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*,) 'tis heere, 'tis heere, I haue ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere, ſhall we wag?

Page. Haue with you, I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty: yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily, ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*, if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labour, if ſhee be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny, I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne; I haue granted vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*, or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you roague, reaſon; thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis?* at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*; goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you ſtand vpon your honour: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honour preciſe; I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, & your boldbeating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo, and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good, maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the ſwearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies; I my ſelfe dwell with Maſter Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on; Miſtris *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſaies very true; *I* pray your worſhip come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. *I* warrant thee, no-bodie heares; mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heauen-bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord your Worſhip's a wanton: well, heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, *I* pray——

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it; you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull; the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; *I* warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muske, and ſo ruſhling, *I* warrant you, in ſilke and golde, and in ſuch alligant tearmes, and in ſuch wine and ſuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and *I* warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her; *I* had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but *I* deſie all Angels in

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any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has beene Earles; nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſaies ſhee to mee? bee briefe my good ſhee-*Mercurie.*

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter; for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times; and ſhee giues you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of; Maſter *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; hee's a very iealouſie-man; ſhee leades a vere framepold life with him, (good heart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen:
Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you ſay well: But I haue another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſſe *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to; and let me tell you in your care, ſhee's as fartuous a ciuill modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſſe you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who ere be the other: and ſhee bade mee tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldome from home, but ſhee hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman ſo doate vpon a man; ſurely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Bleſſing on your heart for't:

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a ieſt indeed: they haue not ſo little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Miſtis *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little *Page* of all loues; her husband has a maruellous infection to the little Page; and

and truely Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man; neuer a wife in *Windſor* leades a better life then ſhe do's; do what ſhee will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when ſhee liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and truly ſhe deſerues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windſor*, ſhee is one; you muſt ſend her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but doe ſo then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both; and in any caſe haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer heede to vnderſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickednes; old folkes you know, haue diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both, there's my purſe, I am yet thy debter; Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diſtracts me.

Piſt. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap no more ſailes, purſue: vp with your fights:
Giue fire; ſhe is my prize, or Ocean whelme all.

Fal. Saiſt thou ſo (old *Iacke*) goe thy waies Ile make more of thy old body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee; let them ſay 'tis groſſely done, ſo it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Maſter *Broome* below would faine ſpeake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: ſuch *Broomes* are welcome to me, that that ore'flowes ſuch liquor; ah ha, Miſtreſſe *Ford* and Miſtreſſe *Page*, haue I encompaſs'd you? goe to, *via.*

Ford. Bleſſe you ſir.

Fal. And you ſir; would you ſpeake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſſe, with ſo little preparation vpon you.

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Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, *I* am a Gentleman that haue ſpent much, my name is *Broome.*

Fal. Good Maſter *Broome, I* deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn, I* ſue for yours; not to charge you, for *I* muſt let you vnderſtand, *I* thinke my ſelfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are; the which hath ſomething emboldned mee to this vnſeaſon'd intruſion: for they ſay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and *I* haue a bag of money heere troubles me; if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how *I* may deſerue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you Sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Maſter *Broome*) *I* ſhall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, *I* heare you are a Scholler; (*I* will be briefe with you) and you haue beene a man long knowne to me, though *I* had neuer ſo good meanes as deſire, to make my ſelfe acquainted with you. *I* ſhall diſcouer a thing to you, wherein *I* muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Regiſter of your owne, that *I* may paſſe with a reproofe the eaſier, ſith you your ſelfe know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and *I* proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her; followed her with a doating obſeruance;

ſeruance; ingroſs'd opportunities to meete her, fee'd euery ſlight occaſion that could but nigardly giue mee ſight of her, not onely brought many preſents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what ſhe would haue giuen briefly, *I* haue purſu'd her, as Loue hath purſud mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occaſions; but whatſoeuer *I* haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede *I* am ſure *I* haue receiued none, vnleſſe Experience be a *Iewell*, that *I* haue purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to ſay this.

"Loue like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Loue purſues,
"Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a faire houſe, built on another mans ground, ſo that *I* haue loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where Ierected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe haue you vnfolded this to me?

Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some ſay, that though ſhee appeare honeſt to mee, yet in other places ſhee enlargeth hir mirth ſo farre, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more; ſpend all I haue, onely giue me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Fords* wife: vſe your Art of wooing

wooing; win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, vnderſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattaild againſt me; what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your mony, next, giue me your hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords wife*.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me; I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen, for at that time the iealious-raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance; do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore; They ſay the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauourd: I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgell: it ſhall

ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the peazant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile: thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who ſaies this is improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made; would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a faire woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are Diuels additions; the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe; hee will truſt his wife, hee will not bee iealous; I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Perſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee rumiuates, then ſhee deuiſes; and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſie: eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, beter three houres too ſoone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt;

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rugby.

Ru. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack*.

Rug. 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat hee is no-come, by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug Hee is wiſe Sir; hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him, take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare, heer's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Maſter Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good Maſter Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy punćto, thy ſtocke, thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is hee dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha Bully? what ſaies my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Prieſt of de vorld: he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion-king Vrinall; *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that mee haue ſtay, ſixe or ſeuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (Maſter Doctor) he is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions: is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*; you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; though wee are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Churchmen (Maſter *Page*) wee haue ſome ſalt of our youth in vs, we are the ſons of women (Maſter *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr ſter *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, (M. *Page*) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home, I am ſworn of the peace, you haue ſhow'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhowne himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman; you muſt goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Mounſeur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman; ſcurvy-Iack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee vill his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar, me doe looke he ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoſt. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreouer, (Bully) but firſt, Maſter Ghueſt, and M. *Page*, and eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor hee is in; and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields; will it doe well?

Shal. Wee will doe it.

All. Adieu, good Maſter Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a Iack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die; ſheath thy impatience, throw cold

water on thy Choller:goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, *I* will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is,at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting;and thou ſhalt wooe her, Cride-game,ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar,me danck you vor dat:by gar *I* loue you,and *I* ſhall procure'a you de good Gueſt,de Earle,de Knight,de Lords,de Gentlemen,my patients.

Hoſt. For the which,*I* will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*.ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar,'tis good vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles,*Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now,good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruingman and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Simp. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward, euery way, olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. *I* moſt ſchemently deſire you,you willlooke that way.

Simp. *I* will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors *I* am and trempling of minde; *I* ſhall be glad if hee haue deceiued me: how melancholies *I* am? *I* will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard,when *I* haue good oportunities for the orke. 'Pleſſe my ſoule. *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls; melodious Birds ſing Madrigalls: There will wee make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow*: 'Mercie on mee, *I* haue a great diſpoſitions to cry: *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls:——When as I ſat in Pabilon:*

bilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow,&c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers,in whoſe fals*: Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter, Maſter *Shallow*,and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile,this way.

Euen. Pray you giue me my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*, keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saue you,good Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. 'Pleaſſe you from his mercy-ſake,all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword,and the Word?
Doe you ſtudy them both Maſter Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill,in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons,and cauſes for it?

Page. Wee are come to you,to doe a good office, Maſter Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well, what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

Shal. *I* haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres,and vpward; *I* neuer heard a man of his place,grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. *I* thinke you know him; Maſter Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart, *I* had as liefe you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Euan. Hee has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as

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you would deſires to acquainted withall;

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons; keepe them a ſunder, here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Nay good Maſter Parſon, keepe your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Maſter Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion; let them keepe their limbs whole, and hacke our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. I Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iacke dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors; I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable; Iack Rugby: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer*; haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Chriſtians ſoule, now looke you; this is the place appointed, ile be iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter.*

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule, French* and *Welſh*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; heare mine Hoſt of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, he giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my *Sir Hugh*? No, hee giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo; Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both; I haue directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue; Come, lay their ſwords to pawne; Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de. ſot of vs, ha, ha?

Euan. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be friends; and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this ſame ſcall ſcuruy-cogging-companion the Hoſt of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart; he promiſe to bring mee where is *Anne Page*, by gar he deceiue me too.

Euan. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you follow.

Scæna Secunda.

Miſt. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Euans, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower; but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forſooth) goe before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

Miſ. Page. O you are a flattering boy, now I ſee you'l be a

Ford. Well met miſtris *Page*, whether go you.

Miſ. Page. Truly Sir, to ſee your wife, is ſhe at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of companie; I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Miſ. Page. Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

Miſt. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what doe you cal your Knights name (ſirrah?

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falſtafe.*

M. F. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is ſuch a league between my goodman, and he; is your Wife at home indeed.

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Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

Miſ. Page. By your leaue ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, hee hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as eaſie, as a Cañon will ſhoot point-blanke twelue ſcore: hee peeces out his wiues inclination, hee giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaffes* boy with her; A man may heare this ſhowre ſing in the winde; and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſtie from the ſo ſeeming Miſtris *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbors ſhall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall finde *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſd for this, then mock'd, for it is as poſſitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Maſter *Ford*.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Maſter *Ford*.

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We haue lingerd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Page. You haue Maſter *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you, But my wife (Maſter Doctor) is for you altogether.

Caius. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a me: my nurſh-a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Maſter *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verſes, he ſpeakes holliday, he ſmels Aprill and May, he will carry't, hee will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, he kept companie with the wilde Prince, & *Poinz*: hee is of too high a Region, hee knows too much: no, hee ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my ſubſtance, if he takes her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I haue waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you goe home with me to dinner: beſides your cheere you ſhall haue ſport, I will ſhew you a monſter; Maſter Doctor, you ſhall goe, ſo ſhall your Maſter *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We ſhall haue the freer woing at Maſter *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farwell my hearts, I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I ſhall drinke in Pipe-wine firſt with him, ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to ſee this Monſter. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Maſter Ford. Maſter Page, Seruants, Robin, Falſtaffe. Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Miſ. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly; Is the Buck-baſket——

Miſ. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I ſay.

Miſ. Page. Come, come, come.

Mi. Ford. Heere, ſet it downe.

M. Page. Giue your men the charge, wee muſt be briefe, be ready here hard by in the Brew-houſe, and when I ſodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this baſket on your ſhoulders; that done trudge with it in all haſt, and carry it among the Whitſters

ſters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Miſ. Page. You will do it?

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no (direction.
Begone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin.*

Miſ Ford. How now my Eyas Musket, what newes (with you?

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at the backe doore (Miſt. *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Miſ Page. You little Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs?

Rob. I, ile be ſworne; my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put mee into euerlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Do ſo, go tell thy Maſter, I am alone; Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſ. Ford Go too then; we'l vſe this vnwholſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough; This is the period of ambition; O this bleſſed houre.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Maſter *Ford*) now ſhall I ſinne in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould be a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew mee ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond; Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſtris

Miſt. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn.*
My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Noture thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſt. Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee: Ther's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a-manie of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me ſir, I feare you loue M. *Page.*

Fal. Thou mightſt as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is a hateſull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſ. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe;
Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee behinde the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt. Pag. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done?
You'r ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, miſt. *Ford*, hauing an honeſt man to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

M. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

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Miſ.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am *I* miſtooke in you?

Miſ.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

Miſ.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that hee ſayes is heere now in the houſe, by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence, you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not, ſo, *I* hope.

Miſt.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, *I* come before to tell you, if you know your ſelfe cleere, why *I* am glad of it, but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall *I* doe? There is a Gentleman my deere friend, and *I* feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. *I* had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, you had rather) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if hee be of any reaſonable ſtature, hee may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking; Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

M.Ford He's too big to go in there, what ſhall *I* doe?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, ile in, follow your friends counſell, ile in.

Miſt.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe?* Are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer——

M.Page. Helpe to couer your Maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt. *Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford.

Miſ.Ford. What *Iohn Rugby, Iohn*; Goe, take vp theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Looke how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in Datchet meade: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come neere; if *I* ſuſpect without cauſe, Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your ieſt, *I* deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

Miſ.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck waſhing.

Ford. Bucke? *I* would *I* could waſh my ſelfe of the Buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, *I* bucke; *I* warrant you Bucke,
And of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, *I* haue dream'd to night, ile tell you my dreame, heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let mee ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:
Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and icalouſies.

Caius By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of France:
It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Miſ.Page. *Is* there not a double excellency in this?

Miſ.Ford. *I* know not which pleaſes me better,
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ.Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband aſkt who was in the basket?

Miſ.Ford. *I* am halfe affraid hee will haue neede of waſhing, ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſ.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: *I* would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

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Miſt.Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*; his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſ.Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſhion Carion, Miſtris *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſ.Page. Wee will doe it; let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him; may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ.Page. Heard you that?

Miſ.Ford. You vſe me well, M *Ford*? Doe you?

Ford. I, I doe ſo.

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts

Ford. Amen.

Miſ.Page. You doe your ſelfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I; I muſt beare it.

Euan. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes; heauen forgiue my ſinnes at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be-gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windſor caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner, come, come, walke in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Miſt. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mocke him;

him; I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakefaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

Euan. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Companie.

Cai. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you goe, M. *Page.*

Euans. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Euan. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.

Fen. I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tels you true.

Fen. No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne:*)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtamps in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed baggest
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I ayme at.

Anne. Gentle M. *Fenton.*

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Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.
Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.
Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not diſmaid.
Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.
Qui. Hark ye, Maſter *Slender* would ſpeake a word with you
Anne. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice.
O what a world of vilde- ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeare?
Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.
Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father,
Slen. I had a father (Miſtris *Anne*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him; pray you Vncle, tel Miſtris *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vnckle.
Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.
Slen. I that I doe, as well as I loue any woman in Gloceſterſhire.
Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.
Shal. Hee will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.
Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow* let him woe for himſelfe.
Shal. Marry I thanke you for it; I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) ile leaue you.
Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.
Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne*.
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

Anne.

Anne. I meane (M. *Sender*) what would you with me?
Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and vncle hath made motions if it be my lucke, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things goe, better then I can: you may, your father, heere he comes.
Page. Now Maſter *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does Maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe.
I told you Sir, my daughter is diſpoſd of.
Fen. Nay Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.
Miſt. Page. Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child,
Page. She is no match for you.
Fen. Sir, will you heare me?
Page. No, good Maſter *Fenton*.
Come M. *Shallow*: Come ſonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)
Qui. Speake to Miſtris *Page*.
Fen. Good Miſtris *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt aduance the colours or my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
Miſt. Page. I meane it not, I ſeeke you a better husband.
Qu. That's my maſter, Maſter Doctor.
Anne. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.
Miſt. Page. Come, trouble not your ſelfe good Maſter *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loues you,
And as I finde her, ſo am I affected;
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris; farewell *Nan*.
Qu. This is my doing now; Nay, ſaide I, will you caſt away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyſitian:

Looke

Looke on Maſter *Fenton*, this is my doing.
Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.
Qu. Now heauen ſend thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would Maſter *Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would Maſter *Fenton* had her; I will doe what I can for them all three, for ſo *I* haue promiſed, and ile be as good as my word; but ſpeciouſly for Maſter *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe I* ſay.
Bar. Heere Sir.
Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toſt in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giuen them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift: The rogues ſlighted mee into the Riuer with as little remorſe, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that *I* haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, *I* ſhould downe. *I* had beene drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſheluy and ſhallow; a death that *I* abhorre: for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing ſhould *I* haue beene, when *I* had beene ſwel'd? *I* ſhould haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.
Bar. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to ſpeake with you.
Fal. Come, let me poure in ſome Sacke to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if *I* had ſwallow'd ſnowballs, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar.

Bar. Come in woman.
Qui. By your leaue; I cry you mercy?
Giue your worſhip good morrow.
Fal. Take away theſe Challices;
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.
Bard. With Egges, Sir?
Fal. Simple of it ſelfe; Ile no Pullet-Sperſme in my brewage. How now?
Qui. Marry Sir, *I* come to your worſhip from M. *Ford.*
Fal. *Miſ. Ford? I* haue had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford, I haue my belly full of Ford.
Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault; ſhe do's ſo take on with her men; they miſtooke their erection. (promiſe.
Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a fooliſh Womans
Qui. Well, ſhe laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it; her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine; I muſt carry her word quickely, ſhe'll make you amends *I* warrant you.
Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo; and bidde her thinke what a man is; Let her conſider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.
Qui. I will tell her.
Fal. Do ſo. Betweene nine and ten ſaiſt thou?
Qui. Eight and nine Sir.
Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſſe her.
Qu. Peace be with you Sir.
Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Maſter *Broome*; he ſent me word to ſtay within; I like his money well: Oh, heere he comes.
Ford. Bleſſe you Sir.
Fal. Now M. *Broome*, you come to know What hath paſt betweene me, and *Fords* wife.
Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my buſineſſe.
Fal. *M. Broome I* will not lye to you,

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I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome.*

Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her huſband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continnall larum of ielouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after wee had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, and (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While *I* was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Miſt. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes, a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts, and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that euer offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what *I* haue ſuffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet lane*; they tooke mee on their ſhoulders met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore; who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare leſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining hee ſhould bee a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for

a ſearch and away went I for foule Cloathes; But marke the ſequell (Maſter *Broome*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeuerall deaths: Firſt, an intollerable fright, to bee detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather: Next to bee compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to bee ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greaſe thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that; that am as ſubiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when *I* was more then halfe ſtew'd in greaſe (like a Dutch-diſh) to bee throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that ſerge like a Horſe-ſhoo; thinke of that; hiſſing hot: thinke of that (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you haue ſufferd all this.

My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*: I will bee throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding, I haue receiued from her another ambaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir,

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe mee to my appointment; Come to mee at your conuenient leaſure, and you ſhall know how *I* ſpeede: and the concluſion ſhall bee crowned with your enioying her: adiew; you ſhall haue her (Maſter *Broome*) Maſter *Broome*, you ſhal cuckold *Ford.*

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a viſion? Is this a dreame? doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*;

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ther's a hole made in your beſt coate (Maſter *Ford*:)this 'tis to bee marryed; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am; I will now take the Leacher; hee is at my houſe; hee cannot ſcape mee; 'tis impoſſible hee ſhould: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, not into a Pepper-Boxe. But leſt the Diuell that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to bee what I would not, ſhall not make me tame; If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with mee, ile bee horne-mad. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Euens:

Miſ Page. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure hee is by this; or will bee preſently; but truely hee is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtris *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

Miſ. Page. Ile be with her by and by; ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole; looke where his Maſter comes; 'tis a playing day, I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Euans. No, Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſ. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſaies my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke; I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Euans. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

Miſ. Page. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

Euans. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nownes.

Euan. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcat, ſure.

Euans. You are a very ſimplicity o'man; I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Euan. And what is a Stone (*William?*)

Will. A Peeble.

Euan. No; it is *Lapis*; I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. Lapis.

Euans. That is a good *William*; what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles:

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined: *Singulariter nominatiuo hic hæc, hoc.*

Euan. Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog; pray you marke; *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accuſatiue-caſe*?

Will. Accuſatiuo hinc.

Euan. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accuſatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

Qui. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Euan. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue caſe* (*William*?)

Will. O, Vocatiuo, O.

Euan. Remember *William*, *Focatiue*, is *caret.*

Qui. And that's a good roote.

Euan. O'man, forbare.

Miſ. Page. Peace.

Euan. What is your *Genitiue caſe plurall* (*William?*)

Will. Genitiue caſe?

Euan. I.

Will. Genitiue horum, harum, horum.

Qui. Vengeance of Ginyes caſe; fie on her; neuer name

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her (childe) if ſhe be a whore.

Euan. For ſhame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Euan. O'man, art thou Lunaties? Haſt thou no vnderſtandings for thy Caſes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

M. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Euan. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Euans. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better ſcholler then I thought hee was.

Euans. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page.*

Miſ. Page. Adeu good Sir *Hugh.*

Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt:*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, M. Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans Shallow.

Fal. *Miſ. Ford*, Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; *I* ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſtris *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accuſtrement complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

M. Ford. Hee's a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn.*)

Miſ. Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*; what hoa.

Miſ. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweet heart) whoſe at home beſides

beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ. Page. Indeed?

Miſ. Frod. No certainly; Speake louder.

Miſ. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you haue no body here.

Miſt. Ford. Why?

Miſ. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe; he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo railes againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion ſoeuer; and ſo buffettes himſelfe on the for-head; crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, ciuility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not heere,

Miſ. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſ. Page. Of none but him, and ſweares hee was carried out the laſt time hee ſearch'd for him, in a Basket; Proteſts to my husband he is now heere, and hath drawne him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now hee ſhall ſee his owne fooleric.

Miſ. Ford. How neere is he Miſtris *Page?*

Miſt. Page. Hard by, at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

Miſt. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Miſt. Page. Why then you are vtterly ſham'd, and hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him; Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſt. Ford. Which way ſhould he goe? How ſhould *I* beſtow him? Shall *I* put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket: May I not goe out ere he come?

Miſt. Page. Alas: three of Maſter *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal.

Fal. What ſhall I doe? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſ. Ford. There they alwayes vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ. Ford. Hee will ſeeke there on my word; Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but hee hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile goe out then.

Miſt. Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſ. Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he Might put on a hat, a muffler, and kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, diuiſe ſomething; any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſ. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue.

Miſ. Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ. Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſ. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; hee ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſ. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell; and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſ. Page. I in good ſadneſſe is hee, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſt.

Miſ. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſt. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently: let's goe dreſſe him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Miſt. Ford. Ile firſt direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſt. Page. Hang him diſhonſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough:
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doe,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not acte that often, ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſt. Ford. Go Sirs, take the bas basket againe on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if he bid you ſet it downe, obey him; quickly, diſpatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Maſter *Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole mee againe. Set downe the basket villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conſpiracie againſt mee. Now ſhall the diuel be ſham'd. What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes Maſter *Ford*, you are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shal. Indeed Maſter *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the iealous foole to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

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Miſt. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt. Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Euan. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

Miſ. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure hee is; my Intelligence is true, my icalouſie is reaſonable, plucke mee out all the linnen.

Miſt. Ford. If you find a man there, hee ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Maſter *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is icalouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity; Let me for euer be your Table-ſport; Let them ſay of me, as icalous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſerch with me.

Miſt. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe; my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of errands, do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I ſay.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Miſ. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Hagge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, ile fortune-tell you.

Miſ. Page. Are you not aſham'd? I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſ. Ford. Nay hee will do it, 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euan. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'mans has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow; ſee but the iſſue of my icalouſie. If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further; Come Gentlemen.

Miſ. Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

Miſ. Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not; he beate him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Miſ. Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſ. Ford. What thinke you? May wee with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further reuenge?

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Miſt. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with find & recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waſte, attempt vs againe.

Miſt. Ford. Shall wee tell our husbands how wee haue ſeru'd him?

Miſt. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will bee ſtill the miniſters.

Miſt. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to ieſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let me ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake Engliſh?

Bar. I Sir, Ile call him to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a weeke at commaund. I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come.

Exeunt.

Scœna

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris. Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.

Euan. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth doe what thou wilt: I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor ſtand
(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

Euans. You ſay he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin greeuouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there ſhould be terror in him, that hee ſhould not come: Me-thinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd, hee ſhall haue no deſires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford Deuiſe but how you'l vſe him when he comes,
And let vs two deuiſe to bring him thither.

Miſ. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (ſometime a keeper heere in Windſor Forreſt)
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,

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Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and ſhakes a chaine
In a moſt hideous and dredfull manner.
You haue heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?
Miſt. Ford. Marry this is our deuiſe,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meete with vs.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape, when you haue brought him thether,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?
Miſ. Page. That likewiſe haue we thoght vpon and thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dreſſe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads
And rattles in their hands; vpon a ſodaine,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pitruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: Vpon their ſight
We two, in great amazednesſe will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their ſo ſacred pathes, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him, ſound,
And burne him with their Tapers.
Miſ. Page. The truth being knowne:
We'll all preſent our ſelues; diſ-horne the ſpirit,

And mocke him home to Windſor.
Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.
Euan. I will teach the children their behauiours & I will: be like a Iacke-an-Apes alſo, to burne the Knight with my Taber.
Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.
Miſ. Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That ſilke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. *Slender* ſteale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.
Ford. Nay. Ile to him againe in the name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpoſe: ſure hee'l come.
Miſt. Page. Feare not you that; Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.
Euans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ſerry honeſt knaueries.
Miſ. Page. Go *Miſ. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde;
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*;
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot,
And he, my husband beſt of all affects;
The Doctor is well monied, and friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he ſhall haue her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to craue her.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Hoſt, Simple, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Hoſt. What wouldſt thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick skin) ſpeake, breathe, diſcuſſe; breefe, ſhort, quicke, nap.

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Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from Maſter *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle his ſtanding bed and truckle-bed : 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: goe, knocke and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee; Knocke I ſay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber; ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come down I come to ſpeake with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd; Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*; ſpeake from thy Lungs Military; Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend; my Chambers are honourable; Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hoſt. I; come, quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſter fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Simple May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Simp. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou are clearkly; thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw mee off, from behinde one of them, in a ſlough of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fauſtaffes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Euans. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozened all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*,

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of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not conuenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere?*

Hoſt. Here (Maſter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*: by my trot; der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come; I tell you for good will; adieu.

Hoſt. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

Fal. I would all the world might bee cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene waſhd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens-boots with mee: I warrant they would whip mee with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-falne as a dride-peare I neur proſper'd ſince I forſwore my ſelfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent; Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall bee both beſtowed; I haue ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more then the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpecioully one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my ſelfe into all the colours of the Raine-

bow

bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd mee, the knaue Conſtable had ſet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui. Sir: let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ſerue heauen well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to me, my minde is heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will, (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chooſer)
Euen to my wiſh; I haue a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither (ſingly) can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat *Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the ieſt.
Ile ſhow you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*;)
To night at *Hernes-Oke*, iuſt 'twixt twelue and one,

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Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Fairie Queene*;
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
While other Ieſts are ſomething ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry; She hath conſented. Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She (ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the *Doctor*; Now, thus it reſts,
Her Father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe.
She ſhall go with him; her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor*;
For they muſt all be mask'd, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With Ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Falſtaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prattling; goe, ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they ſay there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I ſay, time weares, hold vp your head and mince. How now Maſter *Broome*? Maſter *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broome*) as you ſee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Maſter *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that ſame knaue (*Ford* her husband) hath the fineſt mad diuell of iealouſie in him (Maſter *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frenſie. *I* will tell you, he beate me grieuouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of Man (Maſter *Broome*) *I* feare not Goliah with a Weauers beame, becauſe *I* know alſo, life is a Shuttle) *I* am in haſt, go along with mee, ile tell you all (Maſter *Broome*:) ſince *I* pluckt Geeſe, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, *I* knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me, ile tell you ſtrange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night *I* will be reuenged, and *I* will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand (Maſter *Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

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Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till wee ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſonne *Slender*, my

Slen. I forſoothe, I haue ſpoke with her, and wee haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man meanes euill but the deuill, and we ſhall know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Miſ. Page, Miſ. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Maſter Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly; goe before into the Parke; we two muſt goe together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Miſt. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter; But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Miſ. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troope of Fairies?

ries? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Miſt. Page. They are couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſ Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſ. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Miſ. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Miſt. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery.

Miſ. Ford. The houre drawes-on; to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies; Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The Windſor-bell hath ſtroke twelue: the Minute drawes on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods aſſiſt mee; Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſome other, a Man a beaſt. You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion

plexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men doe? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame mee to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfit, and ſnow Eringoes; Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet heart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husband. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd, Leſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night. You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny, Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aiery toyes. Cricket, to Windſore-chimnies ſhalt thou leape; Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths vnſwept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queene, hates Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes muſt eie.

Euan. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you finde a maid That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid, Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie, Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancie, But thoſe as ſleepe, and thinke not on their ſins, Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.

Qu. About, about: Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and out. Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery ſacred roome, That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome, In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flower, Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeu'rall Creſt, With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt. And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſing Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring, Th'expreſſure that it bearES: Greene let it be, Mote ſertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee; And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery, Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee; Fairies vſe Flowres for their characterie. Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke, Our Dance of Cuſtome, round about the Oke Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget.

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Eu. Pray you locke hand in hand: your ſelues in order ſet.
And twenty glo-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy,
Leſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.
Piſtoll. Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.
Qui. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend,
And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.
Piſt. A triall, come.
Euan. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire.
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinneſull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie.
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutuall: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay doe not flye, I thinke wee haue watcht you now; Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?
M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher. Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues? See you theſe husband? Do not theſe faire yoakes Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Maſter

Maſter *Broome, Falſtaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldy knaue,
Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome;*
And Maſter *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to Maſter *Broome*, his horſes are arreſted for it, Maſter *Broome.*
M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, wee haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.
Fal. I doe begin to perceiue that I am made an Aſſe.
Ford. I, and an Oxe too; both the proofes are extant.
Fal. And theſe are not Fairies;
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my minde, the ſodaine ſurprize of my powers, droue the groſſeneſſe of the toppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may bee made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.
Euans. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, ſerue Got, and leaue your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.
Ford. Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh.*
Euans. And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.
Ford. I will neuer miſtruſt my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.
Fal. Haue *I* laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent ſo groſſe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shall *I* haue a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time *I* were choak'd with a peece of toaſted Cheeſe.
Euan. Seeſe is not good to giue putter; your belly is all putter.
Fal. Seeſe, and Putter? Haue *I* liu'd to ſtand at the taunt of one, that makes Fritters of Engliſh? This is e-

 nough

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nough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſ. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, doe you thinke though wee would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Miſ Page. A puſt man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſtarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is plummet ore me, vſe mee as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windſor to one Maſter *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, where *I* will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Maſter *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſ. Ford. Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*,

Page. Sonne? How now Sonne. Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in Gloſterſhire know on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtris *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not beene i'th Church, I would haue ſwing'd him, or hee ſhould haue ſwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer ſtirre, and 'tis a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What needs you tell me that? I thinke ſo, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had beene maried to him, for all hee was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and ſhe cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters boy.

M. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpoſe: turn'd my daughter in white, and indeede ſhee is now with the Doctor at the Deanerie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garſoon, a boy; oon peſant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, *I* am cozened.

Miſ. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. *I* bee gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar *Ile* raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart miſgiues me, here comes Maſter *Fenton*. How now Maſter *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

Page. Now Miſtris;
How chance you went not with Maſter *Slender*?

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Miſ. Page. Why went you not with Maſter Doctor, maid?
Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it.
You would haue married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolue vs;
Th'offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit looſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or vndutteous title,
Since therein ſhe doth euitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themſelues do guide the ſtate,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are ſold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.
Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
Fal. When night-dogges run, all ſorts of Deere are chac'd.
Miſ. Page. Well, I will muſe no further: Maſter *Fenton*,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir *John* and all.
Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *John*:)
To Maſter *Broome*, you yet ſhall hold your word,
For he, to night, ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE HISTORIE OF Henry the Fourth:

VVITH THE BATTELL AT *Shrewsbury*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*.

BODLEIANA

With the humorous conceits of Sir
IOHN FALSTAFFE.

Newly corrected,
By
WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

LONDON,
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in the Strand, 1639.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *John of Lancaſter*, Earle of *Weſtmerland*, with others

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort-winded accents of new broyles,
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoyle,
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blood;
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paſes: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,
All one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldiers now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,

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Which 1400. yeares agoe were nail'd,
For our advantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is but twelue months old,
And booteleſſe 'tis to tell you, we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosin *Westmerland*,
What yester night our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.
West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe;
But yesternight, when all athwart, there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butcherd:
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameleſſe transformation
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.
King. It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.
West. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That very valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillery,
And shape of likelihood newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Uncertane of the issue any way.
King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd with the variations of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seate of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their own blood, did sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Cosin, is it not? Infayth it is.
West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of honors tongue,
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride;
Whil'st I by looking on the prayse of him,
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet!
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you, Cuz,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keepes, and sends me word,
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.
West. This is his Unkles teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
King. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

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Cozen, on Wedneſday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to us againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prin. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a devill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Unleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the ſignes of leaping-Houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moon and ſeven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace; Majeſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; under whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Munday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, Lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Taverne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*: my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buffe Jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buffe Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Taverne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, i'le give thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

Prince. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallowes ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus ſnub'd as it is with the ruſty crub of old father antick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare by the Lord! I'le be a brave Judge.

Prin. Thou judgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt have the hanging of the Theeves, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Falſ. Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it jumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb-Cat, or a lugd-Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a lovers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpipe.

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of

Moore

Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt unſavory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparative raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I mark't him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, in the ſtreete too.

Prin. Thou didſt well: for wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme unto me, *Hall* God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt give over this life; and I wil give it over. By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: i'le be damned for never a Kings ſon in Chriſtendome.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, i'le make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe-taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes.*

Poy. Now ſhall we know if Gads-hill have ſet a match: O, if a man were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that ever cry'd, Stand to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow ſweete *Hall*. What ſayes *Monſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons leg?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Divell ſhall have his bargaine, for he was never a breaker of Proverbs: he will give the Divell his due.

Poy.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devill.

Prince. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devill.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are pilgrimes going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fatpurſes. I have vizards for you all; you have horſes for your ſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Falſ. Hear ye, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Falſ. *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I by my faith.

Fal. Ther's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee; nor thou cameſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well, then once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Falſ. Why; thats well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leave the Prince and me alone, I wil lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go

Falſ. Wel, God give thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakſt may move, and what he hears may be beleeved, that the Prince, may (for recreation ſake) prove a falſ thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance: farewell, you ſhall finde me in *Eaſtcheap*.

Pri. Farewell the latter ſpring, farewel Alhallown ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harvey*, *Roſſil*, and *Gads. hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

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Prince. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail, & then will they venture upon the exploit themſelves, which they ſhall have no ſooner atchieved, but weele ſet upon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, & by every other appointment, to be our ſelves.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leave them: and ſirra, I have caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaſk our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Po. Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſwear arms. The vertue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he indured, and in the reproof of theſe lies the jeſt.

Prin. Well, Ile go with thee, provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to morrow night in Eaſtcheap, there Ile ſup: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok't humour of your idleneſſe:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeer were playing holy dayes,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for, come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright metall on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
[illegible] goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no ſoyl to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as yong down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne're pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soveraigne Liege) little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be uſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our own hands
Have hope to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye:
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervants brow,
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your uſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeak.

Nor. Yea my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſſe name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmſdon* took,
Were, as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denide,
As he delivered to your Majeſty.
Either envy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.

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Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyl,
Breathleſſe and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harveſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and tookt away again,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cal'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome coarſe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day, and Lady tearms.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Majeſties behalf.
I then all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a popinjay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo brisk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentle-woman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſave the mark;
And telling me the ſoveraign'ſt thing on earth,
Was parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſſe earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile gunnes,
He would have been himſelf a Souldier.
This bald unjoynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my love, and your high Majeſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What e're *Harry Piercy* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place:
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe,
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoul hath wilfully betraid
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magician, damned *Glendower*
Whoſe daughter as we hear, the Earl of *March*,
Hath lately married: ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves,
No, on the barren mountain let him ſtarve,
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall ask me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home revolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*
He never did fall off, my Soveraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severns* ſiedgy bank
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour,
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement of ſweet *Severns* flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

Ran

Ranne fearfully among the trembling reeds.
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with revolt.
King. Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou doſt belie him,
He never did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the devill alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kinde from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne:
Send us your priſoners, or you will hear of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the devill come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunk with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your Uncle.
Hot. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Zounds I will ſpeak of him, and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all thoſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood, drop by drop, i'th duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th'ayre as this unthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrook*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth have all my priſoners,
And when I urg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wives brother, then his cheek lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*,
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth,
Live ſcandaliz'd and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?
Nor. He did, my ſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountains ſtarve.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this ſubtile King.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalf,
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down *Richard* that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker *Bullingbrook*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye under-went?

No;

No, yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelves,
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night,
To anſwer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſpe a ſecret book,
And to your quick conceiving diſcontents
Ile read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventerous ſpirit,
As to o're walk a currant roaring lowd
On the unſteadfull footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt unto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rowze a lyon, then to ſtart a hare

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, me thinks it were an eaſie leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottome of the deep,
Where fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrivall, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the form of what he ſhould attend;
Good couſin give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keep them all.
By God he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not,

Ile keep them by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare unto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep,

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when he lies aſleep,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile have a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Heare you, couſin, a word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly deſie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that ſame ſword and buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would have him poyſoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell kinſman, Ile talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waſp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bullingbrook*:
In *Richards* time, what do you call the place;
A plague upon it, it is in *Gloſterſhire*;
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his unkle kept,
His unkle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:
Zblood, when you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg*.

Nor. At *Barkley* caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true.
Why what a candy deal of courteſie;
This fawning gray-hound then did proffer me,
Look when his infant fortune came to age
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde couſin:

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O, the Divell take such cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you h ve not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you: my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall secretly into the bosome creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
The Archbishop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scrope*:
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it: upon my life it will do well.
Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how it doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot.

Hot. He does; he does: weele be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
Ile steal to *Glendower*, and to *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive I trust.
Hot. Unkle, adue: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groves, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not four by the day, Ile be hang'd. *Charles-waine* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What *Ostler*?
Ost. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts saddle, put a few flocks in the point, poore jade is wrung in the withers out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as danke here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poore jades the Bots: this house is turned upside down since *Robin* Ostler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow never joyed since the price of Oates rose, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I think this to be the most villanous house in all *London* road for fleas, I am stung like a tench.
1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne're a King christen could be better bit, then I have bin since the first cock.
2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a jordain, and then we leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a Loach.
1 *Car.* What *Ostler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.
2 *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two rases of ginger, to be delivered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite starved: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as

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drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very vil[illegible] be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads-hill. Good morrow *Carriers*; What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lantern, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, ſoft; I know a trick worth two of that I faith.

Gad, I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canſt tell? Lend me thy lantern (quoth he.) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee; Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Enter Chamberlain. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlain?*

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand, qd. the *Chamberlain*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giving direction doth from labouring; thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wilde of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what, they are up already, and call for egges and butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas Clarks*, I'le give thee this neck.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhippeſt S. *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old ſir *Iohn* hangs with me, and thou knowſt he is no ſtarveling: tut, there are other

other Trojans that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their credit ſake make all whole: I am joyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of theſe mad muſtachio purple-hiewd malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity, Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner then drink, and drink ſooner then pray; and yet (zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their Boors? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will, Juſtice hath liquord her: we ſteal as in a caſtle, cockſure; we have the receit of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night then to fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gad. Give me thy hand, thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the *Oſtler* bring my gelding out of the ſtable; farewell ye muddy knave.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poyn. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I have removed *Falſtaffes* horſe; and he frets like a gum'd velvet.

Prince. Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtaffe.*

Fal. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd, *Poynes.*

Prin. Peace ye fat kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doeſt thou keep?

Falſ. What *Poines? Hall?*

Prin. He is walkt up to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeek him,

Falſ. I am accurſt to rob in that theeves company, the raſcall hath removed my horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I travell but 4. foot by the ſquaire further afoot, I ſhall breake my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I have forſworn his company hourly any time this 22. yeer, and yet I am bewitcht

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witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe. I have drunk medicines: *Poynes*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarve ere Ile rob a foot further: and were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chewed with a tooth: eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough; a plague upon it, when theeves cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle.*
Whew, a plague upon you all, give me my horſe, you rogues, Give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Falſ. Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? Zoud, Ile not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again for all the coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, help me to my horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you rogue ſhall I be your oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelf in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poyſon: when jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what news?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prin. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane. *Ned Poynes* and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Falſ. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gant* your Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hall.*

Prin. Well, weele leave that to the proof.

Poy. Sirra *Jack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge, when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt find him, fare well, and ſtand faſt.

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd

Prin. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poy. Here hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay, every man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the Travellers.

Tra. Come, neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill, weele walk afoot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Theeves. Stay. *Tra.* Jeſus bleſſe us.

Falſ. Strike, down with them, cut the villains throats: a horſon caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaves, they hate us, youth, down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? no, ye fat chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on Bacons, on, what ye knaves? yong men muſt live, you are grand jurors, are ye? weele jure you, yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them. Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeves have bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the theeves, & go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a moneth, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poy. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter the theeves again.

Falſ. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the Prince and *Poynes* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring, there's no valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wilde duck.

Prince

Prin. Your money. *Poyn.* Villains. *As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runnes away too, leaving the booty behinde them.*

Pri. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves are scattered, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away good *Ned*, *Falstaffe* sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poy. How the rogue roar'd! *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter,

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I boar your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certain, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you (my lord fool) out of this nettle danger we pluckt this flower safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-brain is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friend true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my unkle, and my self, L. *Edmond Mortimer*, my L. of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Dowglas*? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascall is this and Infidel? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King,

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my selfe, and goe to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim Milke with so honourable an action, Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared, I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now *Kate*, I must leave you within this two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight beene
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, sweete Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes unto the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd muling, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed.
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retires, trenches, and tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,
And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath.
On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?
Some heavy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriffes?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-eare, is it not?

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Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my love) my horse.

La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In fayth ile know your businesse, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if

Hot. So far a foot, I shall be weary, love. (you goe.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, answer me directly unto this question that I shall aske: in fayth i'le breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot Away, away, you trifler, love; I love thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips,
We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes,
And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.
What saist thou *Kate*, what woulds thou have with me?

La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for since you love me not,
I will not love my selfe. Doe you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speake in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*,
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman and for secrecy,
Nay Lady closer, for I will beleeve,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La.

La. How, so far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you goe too:
To day will I set forward; to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, and Poynes.

Pri. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure-score Hogs-heads I have sounded the very base string of Humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it already upon their salvation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*, and tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; & when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his own Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an underskinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, then 8 shillings, and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon anon sir, Score a pint of Bastard in the halfmoon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time til *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer to what end he have ne the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing, but Anon: step aside, and i'le shew thee a present.

Poines. Francis.

Prince Thou art perfect. *Poines. Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*

 Prince.

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Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis* ?

Francis. Forſooth five yeeres, and as much as to——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Franis. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prince. Five yeares : berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of pewter : But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valliant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it ?

Francis. O Lord ſir, i'le be ſworne upon all the Bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon ſir.

Printe. How old art thou, *Francis* ?

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmus* next I ſhall be——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Francis. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas but a penny worth, waſt not ?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poynes *Francis*, *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis* ? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt : But *Francis*.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch ?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who doe you meane ?

Prince. Why then your Browne-baſtard is your onely drinke : for looke you *Francis* : your white canvaſſe Doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir ; *Poynes.* *Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call ?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt ſuch a calling ? looke to the Gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in ?

Pri. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: *Poynes*

Poynes. Anon, anon ſir. *Enter Poynes.*

Pri. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeves, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry ?

Poy. As merry as Crickets, my Lad : but harke yee, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the Drawer? come, what's the iſſue ?

Pri I am now of all humors, that have ſhewed themſelves humors ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent Twelve a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, *Francis* ?

Francis. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the ſon of a woman. His induſtry is up ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Perceys* minde, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that kils me ſome 6. or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Give my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, i'le play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Brawne* ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, ſaies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poynes. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou been ?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen : give me a cup of ſacke. Boy. E're I lead this life long, i'le ſow nether ſtocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Give me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant ?

Prince. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter ; pittifull hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun ? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

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Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy wales, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there lives not 3. good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weaver, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wool-sacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, i'le never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord i'le stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? i'le see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere be foure of us, have tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Falf. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hose,

Hose, my Buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Rossf. We foure set upon a dozen.

Falf. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Rossf. And bound them.

Peto. No, no they were not bound.

Falf. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Iew* else, an Hebrew *Iew.* (us.

Rossf. As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set upon

Falf. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Prin. What fought ye with them all?

Falf. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poore old *Iack*, then am I no twoleg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you have not murthered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two rogues in Buckrom suites: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Foure *Hal.* I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seven point in my Target, thus:

Prin. Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom suites.

Fal Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else:

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falf. Doest thou heare me, *Hall.*

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke.*

Falf.

Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I paid.

Pr. O monſtrous! eleven buckrom-men growne out of two?

Fa. But as the divel would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let driveat me; for it was ſo darke, *Hall*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, opē, palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Falſ. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall*-greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell us your reaſon What ſayſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon, *Iacke*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, upon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

Prin I'le be no longer guilty of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Falſ. Zblood you ſtarueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you taylors-yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Pr Well, breathe a while, and then toit againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Pri. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them & were maſters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from prize, and have it, yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & ſtill run & roare, as ever I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlave art thou to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight? what tricke? what device? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant ſhame?

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as he that made yee. Why heare you maſters, was it for me, to kill the Heire apparant? ſhould I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince. inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Falſ. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter Hoſteſſe*

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Hoſ. Marry my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore, would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from your father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Falſ. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his Bed at mid-night? Shall I give him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iacke*.

Fal. Fayth, and i'le ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away upon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.

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Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleeve it was done in fight, and perſwaded us to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeven yeares before, I bluſh to heare his monſtrous devices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Poin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bones. How now ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Falſ. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waſte: I could have crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad. here was Sir *John Braby* from your father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the divell his true liegeman upon the Croſſe of a Welſh-hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O *Glendower!*

Fal. *Owen Glendower*, the ſame, and his ſonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſebacke up a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſ.

Falſ. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falſ. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prin. Why; what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Falſ. A horſe-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote he will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, upon inſtinct.

Falſ. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy mayden-heads as they buy Hobnayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe, Lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hall*, Art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out threeſuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſprite *Percy*, and that divell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſ. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falſ. Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a joynd ſtoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falſ. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me a cupp of Sacke, to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept: For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* veine.

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Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide, Nobility.

Ho. O Jeſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not ſweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, convey my truſtfull Queene;
For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Jeſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as ever I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.
Harry, I doe not onely marvell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I have partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heaven prove a micher, and eate Blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* prove a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeak to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majeſty?

Fal A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eie, & a moſt noble carriage, and as I think his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh, and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou beene this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for me, and i'le play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am ſet.

Fal. And heere I ſtand, judge my maſters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, i'le tickle yee for a young Prince yfaith.

Prin. Sweareſt thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne'r looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old man, a tunne of man is thy companion; why doſt thou converſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſowlne parcell of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtufft Cloake-bag of gutts, that roſted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reverent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taſte Sack and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein crafty, but in Villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtaffe*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pity) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſaving your reverence) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old Oaſt that I know, is damn'd; if to be fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poynes*, but

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for sweet *Iacke* Falſtaffe, kind *Iacke* Falſtaffe, true *Iacke* Falſtffe, valiant *Iacke* Falſtaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke* Falſtaffe, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the doore.

Falſ. Out you rogue, play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? never call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou art a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as another.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke up above. Now my Maſters; for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore i'le hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your wil with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men unto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time have employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreate you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen,
Have in this robbery loſt 3000. Markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he have rob'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaffe*? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what be they: read them.

Item a Capon	ij.s.ij.d
Item ſawce	iiij.d
Item Sacke, two gallons	v.s.viij.d
Item Anchoves and Sacke after Supper	ij.s.viij.d
Item bread	ob

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke! What there is elſe, keep cloſe, weele read it at more advantage, there let him ſleepe till day, i'le to the Court in the morning. We muſt all to the Warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. I'le procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a march of twelve ſcore; the money ſhall be payed backe againe with advantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And

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And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, will you sit down?
And Uncle *Worcester*; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Map.
Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.
Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.
Glen. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.
Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had never been borne.
Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.
Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.
Glen. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.
Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativity:
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers, At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.
Glen. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once againe that at my birth,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These signes have mark't me extraordinary.
And all the courses of my life doe shew,
I am not in the rolle of common men:
Where is the living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.
Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*,
I'le to dinner.
Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.
Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?
Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the Divell.
Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the Divell
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Divell.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And i'le be sworne, I have power to shame him hence.
Oh while you live, tell truth, and shame the Divell.
Mor. Come; come: no more of this unprofitable chat.
Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the banke of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severne* have I sent him
Bootlesse home, and weather-beaten backe.
Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How scapes he agues in the divels name?
Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?
Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Severne* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Severne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

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And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſſe that this night may execute:)
To morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meete your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appoynted us, at *Shrewsbury*:
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall wee neede his helpe theſe fourteene daies;
Within that ſpace, you may have drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Me thinkes my moity *North* from *Burton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtorus ſcantle out:
I'le have the currant in this place dam'd up,
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and evenly,
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, and runs me up, with like advantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much as on the other ſide it takes from you.
Wor Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North-ſide, win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.
Hot. I'le have it ſo, a little charge will doe it.
Glen I'le not have it altered.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen. Why that will I.
Hot. Let me not underſtand you then, ſpeake it in *Welſh*.
Glen. I can ſpeake *Engliſh*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the *Engliſh* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *Engliſh* dittie, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpeful ornament:
A vertue that was never ſeene in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather bee a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame meter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brazen canſticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axeltree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glent. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hot. I doe not care, I le give thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſerving friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke yee mee,
Ile cavil on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall wee be gone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night;
Ile haſte the writer, and withall
Breake with your wives, of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhee doteth on her *Mortimer*, *Exit.*
Mor. Fie couſin *Percy*, how you croſſe my father!
Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometimes hee angers mee,
With telling mee of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:
And of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts mee from my faith. I tell you what,
Hee held mee laſt night, at leaſt nine houres,
In reckoning up the ſeverall divels names,

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That were his Lackies, I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word ; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather live
With Cheeſe and Gar'like in a Wind-mill farre,
Then feed on cates, and have him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India* : ſhall I tell you, Couſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect.
And curbs himſelfe, even of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe :
But doe not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame.
And ſince your comming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault.
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you :
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Government,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine ;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well I am ſchoold. Good-manners by your ſpeed,
Heere come our wives, and let us take our leaves.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*,
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele

Sheele be a ſoldier too, ſhee'le to the warres
Mor. Good father, tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.

Glen. Shee is deſperate heere,
A peeviſh ſelfe will'd harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe good upon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I underſtand thy lookes, that prety *Welſh*,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley I could anſwer thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With raviſhing diviſion to her lute.
Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhee runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glen. Shee bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heavineſſe
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harveſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mor. With all my heart i'le ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke be drawne.
Glen. Do ſo : and thoſe Muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thouſand Leagues from hence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend.

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Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, yee giddy goose.
The Musicke playes.
Hot. Now I perceive the Divell understands *Welsh*.
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous,
By'rlady he is a good musician.
La. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether by humours:
Ile still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.
Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Irish*,
La. Would'st have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, shee sings.
Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.
Hot. Come, i'le have your Song too.
La. Not mine in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I live, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou never walk'st further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, sing.
La. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-brest teacher: and the indentures be drawne, i'le away within these 2. hours, and so come in when you will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As Hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, wee'le but seale,
And then to horse immediately.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.
King. Lords, give us leave, the *Prince* of *Wales*, and I,
Must have some private conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me beleeve, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quite all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales devisde,
Which oft the eare of Greatnesse needs must heare,
By smiling pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors:
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supplide,
And art almost an alien to the hearts

Of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where? which is *Bullingbrooke*?
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heaven,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Even in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne'r ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate,
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wanne by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemenity.
The ſkipping King, he ambled up and downe,
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gave his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſſe vaine comparative,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfore't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfeited with Hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſſe, whereof a little,

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe.
Slept in his face, and rendring ſuch aſpect,
As cloudy men uſe to doe to their adverſaries,
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorg'd, and full,
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou:
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it done,
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foote at *Ravenſpurgh*,
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now;
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to boote:
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right
He doth fill fields with Harneſſe in the Realme,
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed Jawes,
And being no more in debt to yeares then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverent Biſhops on,
To bloudy battels, and to bruſing armes.
What never-dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*? whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions and great name in armes,
Holds from all ſouldiers chiefe Majority,
And military title capitall,

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Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing cloathes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me under *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And god forgive them, that ſo much have ſwaide
Your Majeſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And ſtaine my favours in a bloody maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it,
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this al-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meete,
For every honour ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of god I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd, I ſhall performe.
I do beſeech your Majeſty may ſalve,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thouſand deathes,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow
King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſoveraine truſt herein.
How now, good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake off.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at *Shrewesbury*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.
King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
For this advertiſement is five dayes old,
On Wedneſday next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelves will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Gloceſter-ſhire*, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meete.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old *Ladies* looſe gowne. I am withered like an old apple-*Iohn*. Well, i'le repent, and that ſuddenly while I am in

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some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, die'd not above seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not above once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lived well, and in good compasse, and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & I'le amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, I'le be sworne, I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I thinke upon hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple: for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way give to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's gods Angel*: But thou art altogether given over; & wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of utter darkneſſe. When thou runst up *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchase in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and everlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saved me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Taverne & Taverne: but the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, of the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquired yet who pickt my pocket? *Enter Hostesse.*

Host. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you think *Sir Iohn*? do you think I keepe theeves in my house? I have searcht, I have inquird, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tight of a haire was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hostesse, *Bardoll* was shav'd and lost many haires and i'le be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hos. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was never cald so in mine own house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hos. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away to Bakers wives, they have made boulters of them.

Hos. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij.s. an ell: you owe money here besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fals. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hos. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poore? looke upon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, i'le not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall have my pocket pickt? I have lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

Hos. O Jesu, I have heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that Ring was Copper.

Fals. How? the *Prince* is a Jack, a sneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife,

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two; Newgate fashion.

Hos. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleeve me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grand-fathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knave, to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, *Hoſteſſe*, and he ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſ. A thouſand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy love is worth a Million: thou oweſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and ſayd he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did, I *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I ſay tis copper: dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hall*? thou knowſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke i'le feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, & I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But ſirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine; it is all fild up with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeſon impudent Imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but taverne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villaine, and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? Thou knowſt, in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. *Hoſteſſe*, I forgive thee: goe make ready breakefaſt, love thy Husband, looke to thy Servants, cheriſh thy Gheſts, thou ſhalt finde me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gon. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that anſwered?

Prin

Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

Pr. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with unwaſht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I, prayſe them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horſe: for thou and I
Have thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! *Hoſteſſe*, my breakfaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Taverne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well fayd, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should goe ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongue of ſoothers, but a braver place
In my hearts love hath no man then your ſelfe,
Nay taske me to my word, approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe ſo, and 'tis well: what letters have you there? I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He can not come, my Lord, he is grievous ſick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his power?
Under whoſe government come they along?

Meſſ. His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſſ. He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth.
And at the time of my departure hence,
He was much feard by his Phyſicion.

Wor. I would the ſtate of times had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was never better worth then now.

Hot. Sick now? droope now? this ſicknes doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation,
Could not ſo ſoon be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remov'd, but on his owne;
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſment,
That with our ſmall conjunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

War. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our States,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read

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The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
Dow. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reverſion,
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what's to come in,
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A randevous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Divell and miſchance looke big
Upon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had beene heere,
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diviſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbiterment,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in upon us:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine;
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too farre,
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.
Dow. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot. My couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Weſtmoreland*, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherward with Prince *Iohn*.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I have learned,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed mad-cap, *Prince* of *Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in Armes?
All plumpe like *Eſtriges*, that with the winde
Bayted like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd
Glittring in golden Coates like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the moneth of May.
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midſummer;
Wanton as youthfull *Goates*, wild as young *Buls*:
I ſaw young *Harry*, with his Bever on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſe-manſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, worſe then the Sunne in March
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmoky warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Up to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours Come; let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the *Prince Wales*:

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Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dow. That's the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a froſty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our Souldires ſhall march through; Wee'l to *Sutton-co-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'le anſwer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I have miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I have got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes, ſuch a cõmodity of warme ſlaves, as had as liefe heare the Divell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliver, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I preſt me none but ſuch Toſts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they have brought out their ſervices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and ſuch as indeed were never Souldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt Servingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, revolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old fac'd Ancient: and ſuch have I to fill up the roomes of them as have bought out their ſervices, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tottered Prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch Skar-crowes. I'le not march thorow *Coventry* with them, that's flat, nay; and the villains march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon: there's not a Shirt & a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeves; and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from mine Hoſt of S. *Albans*, or the *red-noſe In-keeper* of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'l finde Linnen enough on every *Hedge*.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne *Iacke*? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad-wag, what a divell doſt thou in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis more then time, that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can tell you, lookes for us all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, never feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteal Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did never ſee ſuch pitifull raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food

 for

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for powder, they'l fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that, And for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they never learnt that of me.

Prin. No i'le be ſworne, unleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

West. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'l fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well;
Thou ſpeakſt it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lives:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of us feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are.
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſes
Of my couſin *Vernons* are not yet come up.

Your

Your Uncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day.
And now their pride and metall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of him himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the Enemy,
In generall journey bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well, and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Majeſty:
But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the breſt of civill peace,
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefe, and with all ſpeed,
You ſhall have your deſire with intereſt.
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My Father, my Uncle, and my ſelfe,
Did give him that ſame royalty he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,

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A poore unminded Outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the *Duke* of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liberty and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and terms of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pity mov'd;
Swore his aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the *Realme*
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in *Boroughs*, *Cities*, *Villages*,
Attend him on Bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heires, as pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes:
He preſently, as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurgh*,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme,
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heavy on the common-Wealth,
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Over his Countries wrongs, and by this face
This ſeeming brow of Juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriv'd him his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman March,
Who is, if every owner were plac'd,

Indeed

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſ'd my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeeke out
This head of ſafety, and withall to pry
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the *King*?
Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter*. Wee'l withdraw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some ſurety for the ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my Uncle
Bring him our purpoſe, and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot And't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my coſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.
Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gueſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truely given to underſtand,
The King with mighty and quicke rayſed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too.

And

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And comes not in, over-rulde by prophesies,
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir. M But there is *Merdake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corrivales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, & Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill! the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpet sounds. *Enter Worcester.*

King. How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete upon such tearmes,

know we meete. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doffe our easie Robes of peace,
To crush our old uneasie limbs in ungentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe unknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred Warre?
And more in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigy of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the unborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it: how comes it then?
Fals. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turne your lookes
Of favour, from my selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sweare that oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gant*, Duke of *Lancaster*:
To this, we sware our ayde: but in short space
It raind down, Fortune showring on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.

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What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* Warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this swarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster*;
And being fed by us; you us'd us so,
As that ungentle Gull the Cuckowes bird,
Useth the Sparrow, did oppresse our nest,
Grew by our feeding, to so great a bulke,
That even our love durst not come neere your sight,
For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing
We were infore'd for safety sake, to flie
Out of your sight, and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe have forg'd against your selfe,
By unkinde usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Swore to us in your younger enterprize.
King. These things indeede you have articulate,
Proclaym'd at Market-crosses, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion,
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor muddy Beggers, starving for a time,
Of pel-mell havocke and confusion.
Prin. In both your Armies, there is many a soule,
Shall pay full dearely for this incounter,
If once they joyne in tryall: tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth joyne with all the world

In prayse of *Harry Percy*: by my hopes
This present enterprize set of his head,
I doe not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More active, more valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds:
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I have a trew want been to Chivalry,
And so I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the ods
Of his great name and estimation,
And will to save the bloud on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
King. And *Prince of Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinit
Doe make against it: No, good *Worcester*, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your Cosins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea every man
Shall be my friend againe, and i'le be his.
So tell your Cosin, and bring me word,
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
And they shall doe their office. So be gon:
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer faire, take it advisedly. *Exit Worcester.*
Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspur* both together
Are confident against the world in armes.
King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answere will we set on them;
And God befriend us as our cause is just. *Exeunt, Manent*
Fal, Hal. If thou see me downe in the Battell, *Prin. Fal.*
And bestride me so, 'tis a point of friendship.
Prin. Nothing but a *Colossus* can doe thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

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Fals. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then, can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore i'le none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know; *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone,
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults:
Suppositions, all our lives, shall be stucke full of eyes.
For reason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who never so tame, so cherisht, and lockt up,
Will have a wilde tricke of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at stall,
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.
My Nephews trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of priviledge.
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, governd by a spleene,
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,

We

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cosin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotspur.*

Ver. Deliver what you will, i'le say so. Here comes your Cosin.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd,
Deliver up my Lord of *Westmerland*.
Uncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him so. *Exit Dowg.*

Dow. Marry and shall very willingly.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grievances,
Of his oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that, he is forsworne,
He cals us Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us. *Enter Dowg.*

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd, did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The *Prince* of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads.
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How shewed his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise and proofe of armes.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,

He

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstred in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Cosin; I thinke thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke under my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to doe,
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*
Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent forbearing them is just *Enter another.*
Mess. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace,
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, only this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let us all imbrace,

For

For heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time doe such a courtesy.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarum to the battell: then enter Dowglas, *and* Sir Walter Blunt.
Blu. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou crossest me?
What honour dost thou seeke upon my head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight; Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hotspur.
Hot. O *Dowglas!* hadst thou fought at *Holmsdon* thus,
I never had triumpht over a *Scot*.
Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breathlesse lies the King.
Hot. Where? *Dow.* Heere.
Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.
Dow. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.
Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates:
I'le murder all his Wardrop, piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King. *Hot.* Up and away.
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.
Alarum, Enter Falstaffe solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the shot heere: heer's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft, who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heer's no vanity.

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I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too. God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine own bowels : I have led my ragg of Muffians where they are peperd ther's not three of my 150. left alive, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Nobleman lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Under the hooves of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet unrevengd, I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee give me leave to breathe a while, *Turk Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in armes, as I have done this day. I have payd *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

Princ. He is indeed, and living to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, i'le pierce him, if he doe come in my way, ſo: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo: if not, honour comes unlook't for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, *the* Prince, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Earle *of* Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn. Not I, my Lord, unleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will doe ſo my L. of *Weſtmerland*, lead him to his Tent

Weſt. Come, my Lord, i'le lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive

The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtaynd Nobility lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. We breathe too long, come couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Our duty this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt;
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an ungrowne Warrier.

Prin. O, this Boy lends metall to us all. *Exit.*

Dow. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I have two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: and defend thy ſelfe.

Dow. I feare, thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up againe, the ſpirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nichlas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*; i'le to *Clifton* ſtrait.

King. Stay, and breath a while,

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Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prince. O God, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of *Douglas* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
King. Make up to *Clifton*, i'le to S. *Nicholas Gowſey*. *Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?
Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.
Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince* of *Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince* of *Wales*.
Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine!
Prince. I'le make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
I'le crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.
They fight. *Enter Falſtaffe.*
Falſ. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it, *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas: he fights with Falſtaffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe then the ſword my fleſh:
But

But thought's the ſlave of life, and life, times foole,
And Time that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O! I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for——
Prince. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weav'd ambition: how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth,
Is roome enough, this earth that beares thee dead,
Beares not alive ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, i'le thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy ſleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
He ſpieth Falſtaffe on the ground.
What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poor *Iacke* farewell;
I could have better ſpar'd a better man;
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* ly.
Falſtaffe riſe up.
Falſ. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, i'le give you leave to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had payd me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man

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thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part I have ſaved my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore i'le make him ſure; yea and i'le ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not he riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come, brother *Iohn*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantaſie that playes upon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Jacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I graunt you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* cloeke, if I may be beleeved, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne upon their own heads, I'le take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and woud deny it, Zounds I will make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
I'le guild it with the happieſt termes I have.

A retreate is ſounded.

Prin. The Trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. I'le follow, as they ſay, for reward: He that rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, i'le grow leſſe: for i'le purge and leave Sacke, and live cleanely, as a Nobleman ſhould doe. *Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince *of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earle of* Weſtmerland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *priſoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion finde rebuke;
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and termes of love to all of you?
And wouldſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlayne to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoyded, it falls on me.

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlayne and all his men,
Upon the foote of feare, fled with the reſt:
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong,
Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure ranſomeleſſe and free.
His valour ſhewen upon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſome of our adverſaries.

King. Then this remaines that we divide our power:
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Toward *Yorke* ſhall bend you with your deareſt ſpeede,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who(as we heare) are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne.

FINIS.

THE
Tragœdy of Othello,
The Moore of Venice.

As it hath beene diuerſe times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by *his Maieſties Seruants.*

Written by VVilliam Shakeſpeare.

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LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe in Chancery-Lane, neere Sergeants-Inne.
1630.

The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Rod. TVſh; Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this,
Iag. But you'le not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate,
Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty
In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purpoſes,
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of warre:
Non-ſuits my Mediators: for certes, (ſayes he)
I haue already choſe my Officer, and what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetitian,
One *Michael Caſsio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damb'd in a faire wife,
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diuiſion of a Battell knowes,
More then a Spinſter, vnleſſe the bookiſh Theorique,
Wherin the tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he: meere prattle without practiſe,
Is all his Souldier-ſhip: but he ſir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeene the proofe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
Chriſtn'd and Heathen, muſt be be-leed and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caſter:

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He (in good time) must his Leiutenant be,
And I Sir (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Ancient.
Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iag. But ther's no remedy,
Tis the curſe of ſeruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heire to the firſt:
Now ſir be iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I, in any iuſt tearme am affin'd
to loue the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iag. O ſir, content you,
I follow him to ſerue my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truely followed, you ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his maſters Aſſe,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old caſhierd,
Whip mee ſuch honeſt knaues:
Others there are,
Who trim'd in formes and viſſages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts, attending on themſelues,
And throwing but ſhewes of ſeruice on their Lords;
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themſelues homage,
Thoſe fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one doe I profeſſe my ſelfe,----for ſir,
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart,
In-complement externe, tis not long after,

But

But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue,
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?
Iag. Call vp her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the ſtreet, incenſe her Kinſmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes: tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation out,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rod. Here is her fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.
Iag. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous Cities.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,
Iag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your houſe, your Daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio *at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iag. Are your doores lockt?
Bra. Why wherefore aske you this?
Iag. Sir you are robd, for ſhame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burſt, you haue loſt halfe your ſoule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the bell,
Or eiſe the Diuell will make a Grandſire of you, ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, haue you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voice?
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

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Bra. The worſe welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honeſt plainenesſe, thou haſt heard me ſay
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet?
Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure
My ſpirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience good ſir
Bra. What, tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a graunge.
Rod. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule I come to you.
Iag. Sir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerue God, if the Deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to doe you ſeruice, you thinke wee are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horſe; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue Courſers for Couſens, and Gennets for *Germans*.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Iag. I am one ſir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villaine.
Iag. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.
Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing: But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the groſſe claſpes of a laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and ſawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeue

That

That from the ſeuſe of al ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I ſay againe) hath made a groſſe reuolt,
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: Straight ſatisfie your ſelfe;
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the ſtate,
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people;
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me already:
Light I ſay, light.
Iag. Farewell, for I muſt leaue you,
It ſeemes not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I ſtay I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore, for I doe know the ſtate,
(How euer this may gaule him with ſome checke)
Cannot with ſafety caſt him, for hee's imbark'd,
With ſuch loud reaſon, to the Cipres warres,
(Which euen now ſtands in act) that for their ſoules,
Another of his fathome, they haue none
To lead their buſineſſe, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag, and ſigne of loue,
Which is indeed but ſigne, that you ſhall ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagittary the raiſed ſearch,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter Brabantio *in his night gowne, and ſeruants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſſe now *Roderigo*,

Where

Where didſt thou ſee her? O vnhappy girle!
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know twas ſhe? (O ſhe deceiues me
Paſt thought,) what ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers,
Raiſe all my kindred, are they married thinke you?
Rod. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. O heauen, how got ſhe out? O treaſon of the blood;
Fathers from hence, truſt not your daughters mindes,
By what you ſee them act: is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing.
Rod. Yes ſir, I haue indeed.
Bra. Call vp my Brother: O would you had had her,
Some one way, ſome another; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with mee.
Bra. Pray you lead on, at euery houſe Ile call,
I may command at moſt: get weapons ho,
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deſerue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Iag. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue ſlaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very ſtuffe o'th conſcience,
To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me ſeruice: nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue yerk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.
Oth. Tis better as it is.
Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy and prouoking tearmes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray ſir,
Are you faſt married? For be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloued,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,

As

As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what reſtraint, and greeuance,
The law (with all his might, to inforce it on,)
Weele giue him cable.
Oth. Let him doe his ſpite,
My ſeruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out-tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerrits,
May ſpeake vnbonnetted as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouſed free condition,
Put into cicuumſcription and confine
For the ſeas worth, *Enter* Caſſio *with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder? *and torches.*
Iag. Theſe are the raiſed Father and his friends,
You were beſt go in.
Oth. Not I, I muſt be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect ſoule,
Shall manifeſt my right by: is it they?
Iag. By *Ianus* I thinke no.
Oth. The ſeruants of the Duke, and my Leiutenant?
The goodneſſe of the night vpon you (friends,)
What is the newes?
Caſ. The Duke does greet you (Generall,)
And he requires your haſt, poſt-haſt appearance,
Euen on the inſtant.
Oth. What's the matter thinke you?
Caſ. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate, the Galleyes
Haue ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night one at anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent aboue three ſeuerall queſts

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To search you out.
Oth. Tis well I am found by you,
I will but spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.
Cas. Auncient, what makes he here?
Ia Faith he to night, hath boorded a land Carriack,
If it prooue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.
Cas I doe not vnderstand.
Ia Hee's married.
Cas. To whom.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, *and others with lights and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to— Come Captaine, will you goe?
Oth. Ha'with you.
Cas. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.
Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduisde,
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla, stand there!
Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him thiefe.
Iag. You *Roderigo*, come sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust em,
Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Dambd as thou art, thou hast inchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in chaines of magick were not bound)
Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shund
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome
Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight:
Iudge me the world, if t'is not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practisd on her with foule charmes,
Abusd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weakens motion: Ile haue't disputed on;

Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,
Subdue him at his perill.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should haue known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To answere this your charge?
Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer,
Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To beare me to him.
Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.
Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may haue passage free,
Bondslaues, and Pagans shal our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these newes,
That giues them credit.
1 *Sena.* Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies,
Du. and mine an hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred.

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But though they iumpe not on a iuſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where they ayme reports,
Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing vp to *Cipres*.
Du. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me to the error,
But the mayne Article I doe approue
In fearefull ſenſe *Enter a Meſſenger.*
One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?
Officer. A meſſenger from the Galleys,
Du. Now, the buſineſſe?
Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rohdes*,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior *Angelo*.
Du. How ſay you by this change?
Sena. This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon—
Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſt in: if we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the *Turke* is ſo vnskilfull,
To leaue that lateſt which concernes him firſte;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſſe.
Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*.
Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2 Meſſenger.*
Meſ. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gratious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted them with an after fleete,
1 Sena. I, ſo I thought, how many, as you gueſſe.
Meſ. Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterne
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cyprus*. Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,

With

With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Du. Tis certaine then for *Cyprus*,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in towne?
1 Sena. Hee's now in *Florence*.
Du. Write from vs to him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio, Deſdemona, *and Officers.*

1 Sena. Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.
Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
Againſt the generall enemy *Ottoman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counſell, and your helpe to night.
Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my bed, not doth the generall care
Take hold of me, for my particular griefe,
Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Du. Why, whats the matter?
Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.
All. Dead?
Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupted,
By ſpels and medicines, bought of Mountebanckes,
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witchcraft could not.
Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne ſenſe, yea tho our proper ſonne
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;

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Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approou'd good Masters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my speach,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
Till now some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gratious patience,
I would a round vnvarnish'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his Daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush't at her selfe: and she in spight of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,
That will confesse, perfection so would erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du.

Du. To vouch this is no proofe,
Without more certaine and more ouert test,
These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* speake,
Did you by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As soule to soule affordeth?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you doe finde me foule in her report,
The trust, the Office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither. *Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place;
And till she come, as truely as to heauen
I doe confesse the vices of my bloud,
So iustly to your graue eares I'le present,
How I did thriue in this faire Ladyes loue,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello.*

Oth. Her father loued me; oft inuited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I haue past:
I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moouing accidents, by flood and field;
Of haire-breadth scapes ith' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slauery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my trauells history;
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rockes and hils, whose heads touch heauen,

It

It was my hint to speake, such was my processe:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads
Doe grow beneath their shoulders: these to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
But still the house affaires would draw her thence,
Which euer as she could with hast dispatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure up my discourse; which I obseruing,
Tooke onee a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcells she had something heard,
But not intentiuely, I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distresfull stroake
That my youth suffered: my story being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes;
She swore I faith twas strange, twas passing strange;
Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull;
She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
That heauen had made her such a man: she thanked me,
And bad me if I had a friend that loued her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I spake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.
And I lou'd her that she did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, *and the rest.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter too;—
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,

De-

Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to respect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But heere's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may professe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires,
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, withall my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your sake (Iewell,)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other childe,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
Which as a greese or step may helpe these louers
Into your fauour.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on:
What cannot be preseru'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cyprus* vs beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,

But

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But the free comfort, which from thence he heares:
But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equinocall:
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare.
Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho we haue there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a soueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you; you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborne and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custome, most graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steele Couch of warre,
My thrice-driuen bed of downe: I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardnesse, and doe vndertake
This present warre, against the *Ottomites*:
Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accomodation and besort,
As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. Ile not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: most gracious Duke,
To my vnfolding lend a gracious eare,
And let me find a charter in your voyce,
T'assist my simplenesse.—

Du What would you *Desdemona?*

Des. That I did loue the Moore to liue with him,
My downe right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world; my hearts subdued,

Euen

Euen to the very qualitie of my Lord:
I saw *Othelloes* visage in his minde,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate.
So that deare Lords, if I be left behinde,
A Moth of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim shall support,
By his deare absence: let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will
Haue a free way:
Vouch with me heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the palat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke
I will your serious and good businesse scant,
For she is with me;——no, when light wingd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
My speculatiue and actiue instruments,
That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,
And all indigne and base aduersities,
Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall priuately determine,
Eyther for her stay or going, the affaire cryes hast,
And speed must answere, you must hence to night.

Des. To night my Lord?

Du. This night. *Oth.* With all my heart.

Du. At nine i'th morning here weel meet againe.
Othello, leaue some officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you.
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,

With

With what elſe needefull your good Grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.
Du. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.
1 *Sena.* Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.
Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiu'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*
Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.
Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.
Iag. What ſaiſt thou noble heart?
Rod. What will I doe thinkſt thou?
Iag. Why goe to bed and ſleepe,
Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.
Iag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou ſilly Gentleman.
Rod. It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſitian.
Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.
Rod. What ſhould I doe? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.
Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our ſelues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed vp Time; ſupply it with one gender of hearbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-

ballance of our liues had not one ſcale of reaſon, to poiſe another of ſenſuality; the blood and baſeneſſe of our natures, would conduct vs to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But wee haue reaſon to coole our raging motions, our carnall ſtings, our vnbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a ſect, or ſyen.
Rod. It cannot be.
Iag It is meerely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy ſelfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I proteſſe me thy friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with cables of perdurable toughneſſe; I could neuer better ſteede thee then now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe warres, defeate thy fauour with an vſurp'd beard; I ſay put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her loue vnto the Moore,—put money in thy purſe,—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration: put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moores are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as Coloquintida: She muſt change for youth; when ſhee is ſated with his body, ſhee will finde the error of her choyce; ſhee muſt haue change, ſhe muſt. Therefore put money in thy purſe: If thou wilt needs damme thy ſelfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, & a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way; ſeeke thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy ioy, then to be drowned, and goe without her.
Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?
Iag. Thou art ſure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cauſe is hearted, thine has no leſſe reaſon, let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge againſt him: If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doeſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many euents in the wombe of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerſe, goe, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adieu.
Rod, Where ſhall we meet i'th morning?
Iag. At my lodging.

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Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.
Iag Go to, farewell:—doe you heare *Roderigo*?
Rod. What say you?
Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?
Rod. I am chang'd, Ile goe sell all my land.
Exit Roderigo.
Iag. Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true—
Yet I for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume vp my will,
A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith' nose—as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light. *Exit.*

Actus 2. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cyprus, *With two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

WHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heauen and the mayne
Descry a saile.
Mon.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast nere shooke our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so vpon the sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when mountaine melt on them,
Can hold the mortises,—What shall we heare of this?
2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleete:
For doe but stand vpon the foaming shore,
The chiding billowes seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The wind shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,
I neuer did like molestation view,
On the enchafed flood.
Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleete
Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.
Enter a third Gentleman.
3 *Gent.* Newes Lads, your warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turkes*,
That their designment halts:
A Noble shippe of *Venice*,
Hath seene a grieuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleete.
Mon. How, is this true?
3 *Gen* The shippe is here put in:
A Veronesa, *Michael Cassio*,
Leiutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come a shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.
Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouernour.
3 *Gen.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempest.
Mon. Pray heauen he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier:
Lets to the sea side, ho,

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As well to see the vessell thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,
An indistinct regard.
3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance. *Enter* Cassio.
Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipt?
Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilote
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold cure *Enter a Messenger.*
Mes. A saile, a saile, a saile.
Cas. What noyse?
Mes. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
Stands rankes of people, and they cry a sayle.
Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the gouernement.
2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least. *A shot.*
Cas. I pray you sir goe forth
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.
2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirkes of blasoning pens;
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare an excellency:—now, who has put in?
Enter 2 Gentleman.
2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall;
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, high seas, and houling winds,
The guttered rockes, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to clog the guiltlesse Keele,

As hauing sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The diuine *Desdemona*.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speede—great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, *and* Roderigo.
Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits:
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.
Des. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly heere.
Des. O but I feare:—how lost you company?
[*within*] *A saile, a saile.*
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, a saile.
2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.
Iag. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,

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You'd haue enough.
Def. Alas! she has no speach.
Iag. In faith too much:
I find it still, for when I ha leaue to slee pe,
Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Em. You ha little cause to say so.
Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your housewifery; and housewiues in your beds.
Def. O fie vpon thee slanderer.
Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.
Em. You shall not write my praise.
Iag. No, let me not.
Def. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?
Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Def. Come on, assay—there's one gon to the Harbor?
Iag. I Madam.
Def I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors,
And thus she is deliuered:
If she be faire and wise, faireneſſe and Wit;
The one's for vſe, the other vſeth it.
Def. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?
Iag, *If she be blacke, and therto haue a wit,*
She'l finde a white, that shall her blackneſſe fit.
Def. Worse and worse.
Em. How if faire and foolish?
Iag. *She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,*

For

For euen her folly helpt her to an Heire.
Def. These are old parodoxes, to make fooles laugh i'th Alehouse:
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?
Iag. *There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,*
But does foule prankes, which faire and wise ones doe.
Def. O heauy ignorance; that praises the worst best: but what praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merits, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe?
Iag. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisedome, neuer was so fraile,
To change the Codshead for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
See Suters following, and not looke behinde:
She was a Wight, (if euer such Wight were,)
Def. To doe what?
Iag *To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.*
Def. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband:
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberal
Counsellour?
Cas. He speakes home Madam you may relliſh him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.
Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper; with as little a webbe as this, will I ensnare as great a Flie as *Cassio*. I, smile vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your own courtship: you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Lieutenantry, it had been better you had not rist your three fingers so oft, which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: very good, well kist, and excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? would they were Clisterpipes for your sake.—
The Moore, I know his trumpet. *Trumpet within.*

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Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Cas. Tis truely so.
Des. Lets meet him, and receiue him.
Cas. Loe, where he comes.
Oth. O my faire Warriour.
Des. My deare *Othello.*
Oth. It giues me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me: O my soules ioy,
If after every tempest, come such calmenesse,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death;
And let the labouring Barke clime hilles of seas.
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from heauen; If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknown Fate.
Des. The heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts should increase,
Euen as our dayes doe grow.
Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers:
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of ioy:
And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *kisse.*
That ere our hearts shall make.
Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But Ile set downe the pegs, that makes this musique,
As honest as I am.
Oth. Come, let vs to the Castle:
Newes friends, our wars are done, the *Turks* are dro
How dos my old acquaintance of this Isle?
Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*;
I haue found great loue amongst them: O my sweet:
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
In mine owne comforts: I prethee good *Iago*,
Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers;
Bring thou the Master to the Citadell:
He is a good one, and his worthinesse,

Does

Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*. *Exeunt.*

Iag. Doe thou meet me presently at the Harbour: come hither, If thou beest valiant, (as they say, base men being in loue, haue then a Nobility in their natures, more then is natiue to them,)—list me. the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: first I will tell thee this, *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed: marke me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall lies; and will she loue him still for prating? let not the discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she haue to looke on the Diuell? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and giue satiety a fresh appetite. Loueliness in fauour, sympathy in yeares, manners, and beauties; all which the Moore is defective in: now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate tenderenesse will find it selfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge, disrelish and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and compell her to some second choyce: Now sir, this granted, as it is most pregnant and vnforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farder conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affections: A subtle slippery knaue, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can stampe and counterfeit aduantages, tho true aduantage neuer present it selfe. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mindes looke after; a pestilent compleat knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleeue that in her, shee's full of most blest condition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine she drinkes is made of grapes: if she had been blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and obscure prologue to the

the hiſtory, of luſt and foule thoughts: they met ſo neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when theſe mutualities ſo marſhall the way; hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the maſter and the maine exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. But ſir, be you rul'd by me, I haue brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for command Ile lay't vpon you. *Caſsio* knowes you not, Ile not be farre from you, doe you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſsio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe; which the time ſhall more fauorably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is raſh, and very ſuddaine in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may ſtrike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cauſe theſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again't, but by the diſplanting of *Caſsio:* So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, moſt profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I muſt fetch his neceſſaries a ſhore.—Farewell.

Rod. Adue. *Exit.*

Iag. That *Caſsio* loues her, I do well beleeue it;
That ſhe loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt deere husband; now I doe loue her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (tho peraduenture,
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin,)
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my ſeat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poiſonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor ſhall content my ſoule,
Till I am euen'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt, into a iealouſie ſo ſtrong,

That

That iudgement can not cure; which thing to doe,
If this poore traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace,
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Caſsio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Caſsio*, with my night cap too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe: —tis heere, but yet confus'd;
Knaueries plaine face is neuer ſeene, till vs'd.

Exit

Enter Othello's *Herauld, reading a Proclamation.*

It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meere perdition of the *Turkiſh* Fleete; that euery man put himſelfe into triumph; ſome to dance, ſome make bonefires; each man to what ſport and Reuels his addiction leades him; for beſides theſe beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptialls: So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this preſent houre of fiue, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen bleſſe the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Caſſio, *and* Deſdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael* looke you to the guard to night,
Lets teach our ſelues that honourable ſtoppe,
Not to outſport diſcretion.

Caſ. Iago hath direction what to doe:
But notwithſtanding, with my perſonall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt:
Michael goodnight, to morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me haue ſpeech with you, come my deare loue,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue,
That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter

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Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*, we muſt to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Leiutenant, tis not yet ten aclock: our Generall caſt vs thus early for the loue of his *Deſdemona*, who let vs not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue*.

Caſ. She is a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iag. And Ile warrant her full of game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye ſhe has?
Me thinkes it ſounds a parly of prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iag. And when ſhe ſpeakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iag. Well, happineſſe to their ſheetes—come Leiutenant, I haue a ſtope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would faine haue a meaſure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſie would inuent ſome other cuſtome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: Ile drinke for you.

Caſ. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iag. If I can faſten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'l be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young miſtris dog:—Noy mw ſicke foole *Roderigo*,
(Whom loue has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward)
To *Deſdemona*, hath to night carouſt
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch:
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,

(That

(That hold their honour, in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this warlike Iſle,)
Haue I to night fluſtred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongſt this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our *Caſsio* in ſome action,
That may offend the Iſle; *Enter* Montanio, Caſſio,
But here they come: *and others.*
If conſequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate ſailes freely, both with wind and ſtreame.

Caſ. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouſe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not paſt a pint,
As I am a Soldier.

Iag. Some wine hoe:
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:
A Souldier's a man, a life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.—Some wine boyes.

Caſ. Fore heauen an excellent ſong.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are moſt potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germane*, and your ſwag-bellied *Hollander*, (drinke ho,) are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſh* man ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iag. Why he drinkes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke: he ſweates not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Caſ. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Leiutenant, and I will doe you iuſtice.

Iag. O ſweet England,—
King Stephen *was and a worthy Peere,*
His breeches coſt him but a crowne,
He held 'em ſixpence all to deere,
With that he cald the Taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the Country downe,
Then take thine auld cloke about thee.—Some wine ho.

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong then the other.

Iag. Will you heat't agen?

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Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things well, Heauen's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quallity, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: forgiue vs our ſins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe: doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Mon. To the plotforme maſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to ſtand by *Ceſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
He'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. 'Twere well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Praiſes the vertue that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit* Rod.

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his owne ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo to the Moore.

Iag. Not I, for this faire Iſland:
I doe loue *Caſſio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within.*
To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noyſe.

Enter Caſsio, *driuing in* Roderigo.

Caſ. You rogue, you rafcall.

Mon. What's the matter Leiutenant?

Caſ. A knaue, teach me my duty: but Ile beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Caſ. Doſt thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Leiutenant; pray ſir hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or Ile knock you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Caſ. Drunke? *they fight.*

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out, and cry a muteny. *Exit* Rod.
Nay good Leiutenant: God's-will Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir, *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maſters, heer's a goodly watch indeed: *A bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo—ho,
The Towne will riſe, fie, fie, Leiutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen with Weapons.*

Oth. What's the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death. *he faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant, ſir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of fence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold, for ſhame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this?
Are we tur'nd *Turkes*, and to our ſelues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that ſtirres next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light, he dies vpon his motion:

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Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.
Iag. I do not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men,)
Swords out and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted and your name is great,
In mouthes of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answere to't.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's saide or done amisse this night;
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.
Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way: If once I stirre,
Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,

Tho he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domestike quarrells,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
'Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?
Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office
Thou doest deliuer more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha' this tongue cut of my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio:*
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps into *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And *Cassio* high in oath, which till to night,
I ne're might say before: when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as again they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget:
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best:
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.
Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,

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Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.
Looke if my gentle loue be not rais'd vp:
Enter Desdemona, *with others.*
I'le make thee an example.
Des. What's the matter?
Oth. All's well now sweeting:
Come away to bed: sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile braule distracted.
Come *Desdemona*, tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,
Iag. What, are you hurt Leiutenant?
Exit Moore, Desdemona, *and attendants.*
Cas. I, past all surgery.
Iag. Mary Heauen forbid.
Cas. Reputation, reputation, oh I ha lost my reputation:
I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe,
And what remaines is bestiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.
Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing: You haue lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loser; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in policie, then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offenceless dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and he's yours.
Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? and speake parrat? and squabble, swagger, sweare? and discourse fustian with ones owne shaddow? O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iag. What was he that you followed with your sword?
What had he done to you?
Cas. I know not.
Iag.

Iag. Is't possible?
Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouthes, to steale away their braines; that wee should with ioy, reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beastes.
Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?
Cas. It hath pleas'd the deuill drunkennesse, to giue place to the deuill wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankely despise my selfe.
Iag. Come, you are too seuere a morraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befalne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your owne good.
Cas. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answere would stop em all; to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast: euery inordinate cuppe is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.
Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good Leiutenant, I think you thinke I loue you.
Cas. I haue well approou'd it sir,—I drunke?
Iag. You, or any man liuing may be drunke at some time man: Ile tell you what you shall doe,——our Generals wife is now the Generall; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodnes, not to doe more then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene you and her husband, intreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue shall grow stronger then t'was before.
Cas. You aduise me well.
Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.
Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am desperate

of:

of my fortunes, if they checke me here.
Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I must to the watch.
Cas. Good night honeſt *Iago*. *Exit.*
Iag. And what's he then, that ſayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe,
To win the Moore agen? For tis moſt eaſie
The inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue,
In any honeſt ſuite ſhe's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, were t to renounce his baptiſme,
All ſeales and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoule is ſo infetter'd to her loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, doe what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,
To counſell *Caſſio* to this parrallell courſe,
Directly to his good? diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They doe ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I doe now; for whilſt this honeſt foole
Plyes *Deſdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore;
Ile poure this peſtilence into his eare,
That ſhe repeales him for her bodies luſt;
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to doe him good,
She ſhall vndoe her credit with the Moore;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe, make the net
That ſhall enmeſh them all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo?*
Rod. I do follow here in the chaſe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almoſt ſpent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgelld; I thinke the iſſue will be, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines, and ſo no mony at all, and with a little more wit returne to *Venice*.
Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience?

What

What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knoweſt we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Dos't not goe well? *Caſſio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſt caſhei'rd *Caſſio*,
Tho other things grow faire againſt the ſun,
Yet fruites that bloſome firſt, will firſt be ripe;
Content thy ſelfe a while; by'th maſſe tis morning;
Pleaſure, and action, make the houres ſeeme ſhort:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I ſay, thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon: Some things are to be done,
My wife muſt moue for *Caſſio* to her miſtris,
Ile ſet her on.
My ſelfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Caſſio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuiſe by coldneſſe and delay. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſitians.*

Caſ. Maſters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something thats briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.
They play, and enter the Clowne.
Clo. Why maſters, ha your Inſtruments bin at *Naples*, that they ſpeake i'th noſe thus?
Boy. How ſir, how?
Clo. Are theſe I pray, cald wind Inſtruments?
Boy. I marry are they ſir.
Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.
Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle ſir?
Clo. Marry ſir, by many a winde Inſtrument that I know. But maſters, heer's money for you, and the Generall ſo likes your muſique, that hee deſires you for loues ſake, to make no more noyſe with it.

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Boy. Well ſir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any muſique that may not bee heard, to't a-gaine, but as they ſay, to heare muſique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none ſuch ſir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away; goe, vaniſh into aire, away.

Caſ Doſt thou heare my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt friend, I heare you.

Caſ. Prethee keepe vp thy quillets, ther's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be ſtirring, tell her ther's one *Caſsio*, entreates her a little fauour of ſpeach—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir, if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago. *Exit Clo.*

Caſ. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Caſ Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago* to ſend in to your wife,—my ſuite to her,
Is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*,
Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iag. Ile ſend her to you preſently,
And Ile deuiſe a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſſe,
May be more free. *Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thanke you for't: I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure, but all will ſoone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity, and that in wholeſome wiſedome,
He might not but refuſe: but he proteſts he loues you,
And needs no other ſuitor but his likings,
To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,
To bring you in againe. *Caſ.*

Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of ſome briefe diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will beſtow you where you ſhall haue time,
To ſpeake your boſome freely.

Caſ. I am much bound to you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and other Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters giue *Iago* to the Pilate,
And by him, doe my duties to the State;
That done, I will be walking to the workes,
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, Ile do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt.*

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio *and* Emillia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd good *Caſsio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam doe, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the caſe were his.

Deſ. O that's an honeſt fellow:—doe not doubt *Caſsio*,
But I will haue my Lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Caſ. Bounteous Madame,
What euer ſhall become of *Michael Caſsio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true ſeruant.

Deſ. O ſir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeſt, ſtand no farther off,
Then in a politique diſtance.

Caſ. I but Lady,
That pollicy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed vpon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelfe, ſo out of circumſtance,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupplied,

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My Generall will forget my loue and ſeruice.
Deſ. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place? aſſure thee,
If I doe vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it,
To the laſt Article: my Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole, his boord a ſhrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſsio's* ſuite; therefore be merry *Caſsio*,
For thy ſoliciter ſhall rather die,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*
Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, ile take my leaue.
Deſ. Nay ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now, I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe. *Exit* Caſsio.
Deſ. Well, doe your diſcretion.
Iag. Ha, I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my Lord: or if,—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſsio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſsio* my Lord?—no ſure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Deſ. How now my Lord,
I haue been talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you meane?
Deſ. Why your Leiutenant *Caſsio*, good my Lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. Yes faith, ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
To ſuffer with him; good Loue call him backe.
Ot. Not now ſweet *Deſdemon*, ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweet for you.
Deſ. Shal't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſ. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meet the Captaines at the Cittadell.
Deſ. Why then to morrow night, or tueſday morne,
On tueſday morne, or night, or wedneſday morne,
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes: ſfaith hee's penitent.
And yet his treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon,
(Saue that they ſay, the warres muſt make examples,
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my ſoule,
What you could aske me, that I ſhould deny?
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What *Michael Caſsio?*
That came a wooing with you, and ſo many a time
When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to doe
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could doe much,—
Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I ſhould intreat you weare your gloues:
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warme,
Or ſue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon: nay, when I haue a ſuite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poiſe and difficult weight,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,

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Whereon I doe beſeech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Def. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, I'le come to thee ſtraight.
Def. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exeunt* Def. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my ſoule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay *Iago?*
Iag. Did *Michael Caſsio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from firſt to laſt: —Why doeſt thou aske?
Iag. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago?*
Iag. I did not thinke he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went between vs very oft.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed, deſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iag. Honeſt my Lord? *Oth.* Honeſt? I honeſt.
Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doeſt thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my Lord?
Oth. Thinke my Lord? why doſt thou ecchoe me,
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhowne: Thou doſt meane ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſsio* left my wife: what didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſell,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cridſt indeed?
And didſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible conceit: If thou doeſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My Lord you know I loue you.

Oth.

Oth. I thinke thou doeſt,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honeſty,
And weigheſt thy words, before thou giu'ſt 'em breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more;
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall knaue,
Are tricks of cuſtome; but in a man that's iuſt,
They are cloſe dilations, working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iag. For *Michael Caſsio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is honeſt.
Oth. I thinke ſo too.
Iag. Men ſhould be what they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.
Iag. Why then I thinke *Caſsio's* an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I prethee ſpeake to me, as to thy thinkings.
As thou doeſt ruminate, and giue thy worſt of thoughts,
The worſt of words.
Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts: Why, ſay they are vile and falſe:
As where's that palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome vncleanly apprehenſions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in ſeſsion ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkeſt him wrongd, and makeſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iag. I doe beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gheſſe,
(As I confeſſe it is my natures plague,
To ſpy into abuſes, and oft my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not:) that your wiſedome yet,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble,

One

Out of my ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou meane?
Iag. Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules:
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh, tis ſomething, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy thoughts.
Iag You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt tis in my cuſtody.
Oth. Ha?
Iag. O beware (my Lord) of iealouſie;
It is a green eyd monſter, which doth mocke
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſs,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.
Oth. O miſery.
Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good heauen, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From iealouſie.
Oth. Why, why is this?
Thinkſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolu'd: exchange me for a Goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me iealous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;

Where vertue is, theſe are more vertuous:
Nor from mine owne weake merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eies, and choſen me: no *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the proofe, there is no more but this;
Away at once with loue or iealouſie.
Iag. I am glad of it, for now I ſhall haue reaſon,
To ſhew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker ſpirit: therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me: I ſpeake not yet of proofe,
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſsio*;
Weare your eie thus, not iealous, nor ſecure,
I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelfe-bounty be abus'd, looke too't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well,
In *Venice* they doe let Heauen ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their husbands: their beſt conſcience
Is not to leaue't vndone, but keepe't vnknowne.
Oth. Doeſt thou ſay ſo?
Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you:
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iag. Why go too then,
She that ſo young, could giue out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeale her fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame;
I humbly doe beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much louing you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iag. I ſee this hath a little daſht your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.
Iag. Truſt me, I feare it has.
I hope you will conſider, what is ſpoke,
Comes from my loue: but I doe ſee you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeach,
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,

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Then to ſuſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iag. Should you doe ſo my Lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſſe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Caſsio's* my worthy friend:
My Lord, I ſee you are moou'd,
Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.
Iag. Long liue ſhe ſo, and long liue you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelfe.
Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you.
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may ſmell in ſuch a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportion, thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, if more.
Thou doeſt perceiue, let me know more, ſet on
Thy wife to obſerue: leaue me *Iago*.
Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.
Oth. Why did I marry? This honeſt creature doubtleſſe
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.
Iag My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To ſcan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
And though tis fit that *Caſsio* haue his place,
(For ſure he fills it vp with great ability,)
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that, perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady ſtraine her entertainement,
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue, to feare I am:)

And hold her free, I doe beſeech your honour.
Oth. Feare not my gouernement.
Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*
Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned ſpirit
Of humane dealings: If I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her Ieſſes were my deare heart ſtrings,
I'de whiſtle her off, and let her dewne the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not thoſe ſoft parts of conuerſation,
That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Muſt be to loath her: O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vſes: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leſſe then the baſe,
Tis deſteny, vnſhunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Deſdemona* comes,
If ſhe be falſe, O then heauen mocks it ſelfe,
Ile not beleeue it.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia.

Def. How now my deare *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your preſence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Def. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, heare.
Def. Why that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come Ile go in with you.
Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well.

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Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Exit* Oth. *and* Def.
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to ſteale it, but ſhe ſo loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, ſhe ſhould euer keepe it,
That ſhe reſernes it euer more about her,
To kiſſe, and talke to; Ile ha the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago:* what he'l doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter* Iago.
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſie.
Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?
Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.
Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—
Em. Ha?
Iag To haue a fooliſh wife.
Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that ſame handkerchiefe?
Iag. What handkerchiefe?
Em. What handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore firſt gaue to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.
Iag. Ha'ſt ſtole it from her?
Em. No faith, ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, tooke it vp;
Looke, here it is.
Iag. A good wench giue it me.
Em: What will you doe with it,
That you haue bin ſo earneſt to haue me filch it?
Iag. Why, what's that to you?
Em. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, ſhee'll run mad
When ſhe ſhall lacke it.
Iag. Be not you acknowne on't, I haue vſe for it:—go leaue me;
I will in *Caſsio's* lodging loſe this napkin, *Exit* Em.
And let him find it: Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofes of holy Writ, this may doe ſomething:
The Moore already changes with my poiſon,
Dan-

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſt;
But with a little act vpon the blood, *Enter* Othello.
Burne like the mines of ſulphure: I did ſay ſo:
Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drouſie ſiropps of the world,
Shall euer medecine thee to that ſweet ſleepe,
Which thou owedſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to me, to me?
Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.
Ot. Auant, be gon, thou haſt ſet me on the racke,
I ſweare, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Iag. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What ſence had I of her ſtolne houres of luſt:
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not *Caſsio's* kiſſes on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.
Iag. I am ſorry to heare this.
Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content;
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres,
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The ſpirit-ſtirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife,
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumſtance of glorious warre.
And, O ye mortall Engines, whoſe wide throates,
The immortal *Ioues* great clamors counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othelloe's* Occupation's gone.
Iag. Iſt poſsible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my Loue a whore,
Be ſure of it, giue me the ocular proofe,
Or by the worth of my eternall ſoule,

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Thou hadſt bin better haue been borne a dog,
Then anſwere my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Iſt come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't,or at the leaſt ſo proue it,
That the probation,beare no hinge,nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doeſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more,abandon all remorce:
On horrors head,horrors accumulate:
Do deeds,to make heauen weepe,all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde,greater then that.
Iag. O grace,O heauen defend me,
Are you a man,haue you a ſoule or ſence?
God buy you,take my office,--O wretched foole,
That liueſt to make thine honeſty a vice;
O monſtrous world,take note,take note O world,
To be direct and honeſt,is not ſafe,
I thanke you for this profit,and from hence,
Ile loue no friend,ſince loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay,thou ſhouldſt be honeſt.
Iag. I ſhould be wiſe,for honeſtie's a foole,
And looſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the world,
I thinke my wife be honeſt,and thinke ſhe is not,
I thinke that thou art iuſt,and thinke thou art not;
Ile haue ſome proofe: her name that was as freſh
As *Dians* viſage,is now begrimd,and blacke
As mine owne face: If there be cords,or kniues,
Poyſon,or fire,or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not endure it: would I were ſatiſfied.
Iag. I ſee ſir,you are eaten vp with paſſion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you;
You would be ſatisfied.
Oth. Would,nay,I will.
Iag. And may,but how,how ſatisfied my Lord?
Would you,the ſuperuiſion groſſely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth.

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.
Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that proſpect,damn em then,
If euer mortall eyes did ſee them boulſter
More then their owne; what then,how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goates,as hot as Monkies,
As ſalt as Wolues in pride,and fooles as groſſe
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction,you may ha't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon,that ſhe's diſloyall.
Iag. I doe not like the office,
But ſith I am enter'd into this cauſe ſo farre,
Prickt to't by fooliſh honeſty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Caſsio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,I could not ſleepe,
There are a kind of men ſo looſe of ſoule,
That in their ſleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is *Caſsio:*
In ſleepe I heard him ſay. Sweet *Deſdemona,*
Let vs be wary,let vs hide our loues;
And then ſir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out,ſweet creature,and then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips,then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh,and ſigh'd,and kiſſed,and then
Cried,curſed fate,that gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monſtrous,monſtrous.
Iag. Nay,this was but his dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon concluſion,
Tis a ſhrewd doubt,tho it be but a dreame,
Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iag. Nay,but be wiſe,yet we ſee nothing done.

She

She may be honeſt yet: tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a handkerchiefe,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one, twas my firſt gift.
Iag. I know not that, but ſuch a handkerchiefe
I am ſure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Caſsio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that.
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It ſpeakes againſt her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the ſlaue had forty thouſand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now I doe ſee tis true, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, ——tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and hearted Throne,
To tyrranous hate, ſwell boſome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aſpicks tongues. *he kneeles.*
Iag. Pray be content.
Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I ſay, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago*;
Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſiue courſe,
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,
To the *Propontick* and the *Helleſpont*:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble loue,
Till that a capeable and wide reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a ſacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not riſe yet: Iago *kneels.*
Witneſſe the euer-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about;
Witneſſe that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* ſeruice: let him command,

And

And to obey, ſhall be in me remorce,
What bloody worke ſo euer.
Oth. I greet thy loue;
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee to't,
Within theſe three dayes, let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſsio's* not aliue.
Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you requeſt, but let her liue.
Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death,
For the faire deuill: now art thou my Leiutenant.
Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Enter Deſdemona, Emilia *and the Clowne.*
Deſ. Doe you know ſirra, where the Leiutenant *Caſsio* lies?
Clo. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Deſ. Why man?
Clo. He is a Soldier, and for one to ſay a Soldier lies, is ſtabbing.
Deſ. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuiſe a lodging, and ſay he lies there, were to lie in mine owne throate.
Deſ. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make queſtions, And by them anſwer.
Deſ. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To doe this, is within the compaſſe of mans witte, and therefore Ile attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*
Deſ. Where ſhould I looſe that handkerchiefe *Emilia?*
Em. I know not Madam.
Deſ. Beleeue me, I had rather looſe my purſe
Full of Cruſadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As icalous creatures are, it were enough

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To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous?
Def. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Def. I will not leaue him now,
Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardneſſe to diſſemble:
How doe you *Desdemona?*
Def. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moiſt my Lady.
Def. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moyſt, this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty: faſting and praying,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe deuout;
For here's a young and ſweating deuill here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Def. You may indeed ſay ſo,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts,
Def. I cannot ſpeake of this; come now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe chucke?
Def. I haue ſent to bid *Caſsio* come ſpeake with you.
Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.
Def. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Def. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Def. No indeed my Lord.
Oth Thats a fault: that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt reade
The thoughts of people; ſhe told her while ſhe kept it,
Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father In-

Intirely to her loue: But if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it; my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me, when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did ſo, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To looſe, or giue't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Def. I'ſt poſſible?
Oth. Tis true, ther's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetique fury, ſowed the worke:
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the ſilke,
And it was died in Mummy, which the skilfull
Concerue of Maidens hearts.
Def. Indeed, i'ſt true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke to't well.
Def. Then would to God that I had neuer ſeene it.
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Def. Why doe you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly and raſh?
Oth. I'ſt loſt? i'ſt gone? ſpeake, is it out o'the way?
Def. Bleſſe vs.
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not loſt, but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha.
Def. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee it,
Def. Why ſo I can ſir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my ſuite,
I pray let *Caſsio* be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiefe, my mind miſgiues.
De. Come, come, you'l neuer meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Def. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.

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Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Def. In sooth you are too blame.
Oth. Away. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Def. I nere saw this before:
Sure ther's some wonder in this handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Enter Iago *and* Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.
Def. How now good *Cassio*, whats the newes with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That not my seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.
Def. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred:
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech: you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.

Iag.

Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em. He went hence but now,
And certainely in strange vnquietnesse.
Iag. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very arme,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Def. I prethee doe so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatcht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cipres* to him.
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so; for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthfull members,
Euen to that sense of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule;
But now I find, I had subborn'd the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.
Def. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.
Em. But iealous soules will not be answered so,
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.
Def. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.
Em. Lady, Amen.
Def I will goe seeke him, *Cassio* walke here about,
If I do finde him fit, Ile moue your suite, *Exeunt* Desd.
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost. *and* Emilia.

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Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladiſhip. *Enter* Bianca.
Bian. Saue you friend *Caſſio*.
Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you my moſt faire *Bianca?*
Indeed ſweet loue I was comming to your houſe.
Bia. And I was going to your lodging *Caſſio*;
What, keepe a weeke away? ſeuen daies and nights,
Eightſcore eight houres, and louers abſent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightſcore times,
Oh weary reckoning.
Caſ. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with leaden thoughts bin preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence: ſweet *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.
Bia. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend
To the felt abſence, now I feele a cauſe,
I'ſt come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to woman,
Throw your vile gheſſes in the deuills teeth,
From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance,
No in good troth *Bianca*.
Bia. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not ſweet, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.
Bia. Leaue you, wherefore?
Caſ. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To haue him ſee me woman'd.
Bia. Why I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I loue you not.
Bia. But that you doe not loue me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night.

Caſ.

Caſ. Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but Ile ſee you ſoone.
Bia. Tis very good, I muſt be circumſtanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Iago *and* Othello.

Iag. Will you thinke ſo?
Oth. Thinke ſo *Iago*.
Iag. What, to kiſſe in priuate?
Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe.
Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?
Oth. Naked a bed *Iago*, and not meane harme?
It is hipocriſie againſt the deuill:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet doe ſo,
The deuill their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen.
Iag. Soe they doe nothing, tis a veniall ſlip;
But if I giue my wife a handkerchiefe.
Oth. What then?
Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectreſſe of her honour too,
May ſhe giue that?
Iag. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkerchiefe.
Oth. By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (O it comes ore my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected houſe,
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchiefe.
Iag. I, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What If I had ſaid I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaues be ſuch abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuite,

Or

Or voluntary dotage of some mistris,
Coniured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.)
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'l vnsweare.
Oth. What hath he sayd?
Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? *Iag.* Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iag. With her, on her, what you will.
Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, that's fulsome, handkerchiefs, confession, handkerchiefs: to confesse, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd, and then to confesse; I tremble at it: Nature would not inuest herselfe in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) noses, eares, and lippes: Is't possible? confesse? handkerchiefe? O deuill. *Falles in a trance.*
Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chast Dames, euen thus (all guiltlesse.) meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*,—how now *Cassio?* *Enter* Cassio.
Cas. What's the matter?
Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iag. No, forbeare,
The Lethargie must haue his quiet course,
If not, he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke, he stirres:
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mocke me? *Exit* Cas.
Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monster.
Oth. Did he confesse?
Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar: your case is better:
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch,
And to suppose her chaste: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list:
Whilst you were here orewhelmed with your griefe,
(A passion most vnfitting such a man,)
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
And layed good scuse vpon your extasy;
Bad him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promis'd: But incaue your selfe,
And marke the geeres, the gibes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife:
I say, but marke his iesture, mary patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But dost thou heare, most bloody.
Iag That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buyes her selfe bread and cloathes; it is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio*; as tis the strumpets plague

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To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one: *Enter* Caſ.
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſſio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?
Caſ. The worſer that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.
Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now, if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.
Caſ. Alas poore catiue.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already.
Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.
Iag. Doe you heare *Caſſio?*
Oth Now he importunes him to tell it on;
Goe to, well ſaide.
Iag She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?
Caſ. I marry her? what? a Cuſtomer;
I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, they laugh that wins.
Iag. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.
Caſ. Prethee ſay true.
Iag. I am a very villaine elſe.
Oth. Ha you ſcoar'd me? well.
Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her own loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.
Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he bigins the ſtory.
Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhe haunts me in euery place, I was tother day talking on the ſea banke with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, falls me thus about my necke.

Oth.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.
Caſ. So hangs, and iolls, and weepes vpon me; ſo hales, and pulls me, ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber;
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw't to.
Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her company: *Enter* Bianca.
Before me, looke where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another Fitchew; marry a perfum'd one: What doe you meane by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the deuill and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that ſame handkerchiefe you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I muſt take out the worke, a likely peece of worke, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is ſome minxes token, and I muſt take out the worke; there, giue it the hobby horſe; whereſoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.
Caſ. How now my ſweet *Bianca*, how now, how now?
Oth. By heauen that ſhould be my handkerchiefe.
Bia. An you'll come to ſupper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*
Iag. After her, after her.
Caſ. I muſt ſheel raile i'the ſtreet elſe.
Iag. You ſup there.
Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.
Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you, for I would very faine ſpeake with you.
Caſ. Prethe come, will you?
Iag Goe to ſay no more. *Exit* Caſſio.
Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Iago?*
Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?
Oth. O *Iago.*
Iag And did you ſee the handkerchiefe?
Oth. Was that mine?
I would haue him nine yeres a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a ſweet woman.
Iag. Nay, you muſt forget that.
Oth. And let her rot and periſh, and be damb'd to night, for ſhee ſhall not liue; no, my heart is turn'd to a ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts

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my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musitian; O she will sing the saueageness out of a Beare; of so hye and plenteous wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thats certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, oh the pitty.

Iag. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes, —cuckold me!

Iag. O, tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night Ile not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases, very good.

Ia. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* sure; tis *Lodouico*
Come from the Duke, and see, your wife is with him.

Lod. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: —

Lod. welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Leiutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues sir,

Des. Cousen, there's falne between him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will. —

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper:
Is there Diuision twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Deuill.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*.
Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Deuill, Deuill,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocadile:
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Mistresse.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir?

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Lod. Who, I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne:
Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:
I am commanded home: —get you away,
Ile send for you anon: —Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: —hence, auant,
Cassio shall haue my place; and sir to night
I doe intreat that we may sup together,
You are welcome sir to *Cyprus*, —goates and monkies, *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor peirce?
Iag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?
Iag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife.
Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroake would proue the worst.
Lod. Is it his vse?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas:
It is not honesty in me to speake
What I haue seene and knowne; you shall obserue
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after him,
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Othello *and* Emillia.
Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.
Oth. Yes, and you haue seene *Cassio* and she together.
Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
Each sillable that breath made vp betweene'em.
Oth What, did thy neuer whisper?
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?
Em. Neuer.
Oth To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Em. I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay downe my soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heauen require it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wiues,
Is foule as slander. *Exit* Emillia
Oth Bid her come hither, goe,
She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle whore,
A closet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet shee'l kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't
Enter Desdemona *and* Emillia.
Des. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chucke come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth Let me see your eyes--looke in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy, s this?
Oth Some of your function Mistrisse,
Leane procreants alone, anb shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery; nay dispatch.
Des. Vpon my knees, What does your speech import?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des

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Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Lest being like one of heauen, the deuills themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd;
Sweare thou art honest.
Des. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.
Des. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue lost him,
Why I haue lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I should haue found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing finger at—oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there, where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
Des. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.
Oth. O I, as summers flies are in the shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou black weed, why art so louely faire?
Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sence akes at thee,

Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.
Des. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?
Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore vpon?—What committed?
Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner;
I should make very forges of my cheekes,
That would to cinders burne vp modestie,
Did I but speake thy deeds: what committed?
Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winkes;
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush't within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:—what committed,—impudent strumpet.
Des. By heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be saued.
Oth. Ist possible?
Des. O heauen forgiue vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy then,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*, *Enter* Emillia.
That married with *Othello*: You mistrisse,
That haue the office opposite to S. *Peter*,
And keepes the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;
We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*
Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue:
How doe you Madam? how doe you my good Lady:
Des. Faith halfe a sleepe.
Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?
Des. With who?
Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.
Des. Who is thy Lord?
Em. He that is yours, sweet Lady.
Des. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,

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I cannot weepe, nor answere haue I none,
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*
Des. Tis meet I should be vsde so, very meet,
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misuse. *Enter* Iago *and* Emillia.
Iag. What is your pleasure Madam? How i'st with you?
Des. I can not tell: those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.
Iag. What is the matter Lady?
Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.
Des. Am I that name *Iago*?
Iag. What name faire Lady?
Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was.
Em. He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.
Iag. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know, I am sure I am none such.
Iag. Do not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.
Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Country, and her Friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?
Des. Nay, heauen doth know.
Em. I will be hangd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cousening slaue, to get some office,
Haue not deuilde this slander, Ile be hang'delse.
Iag. Fie, there is no such man it is impossible.
Des. If any such there are heauen pardon him.

Em.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his boues:
Why should he call her whore? who keepes her company?
What place, what time, what forme, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous knaue;
Some base notorious knaue, some scruuy fellow;
O heauen, that such companions thoudst vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascall, naked through the world,
Euen from the east to'th west.
Iag. Speake within dores.
Em. O fie vpon him; some such squire he was,
That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
Iag. You are a foole, goe to.
Des. O good *Iago*,
What shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I lost him.
Here I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his loue,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sence,
Delighted them in any other forme;
Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
And euer will (though he doe shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him deerely:
Comfort forsweare me; vnkindnesse may doe much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taint my loue, I can not say whore,
It doth abhorre me, now I speake the word,
To doe the act, that might th'addition earne,
Not the worlds masse of vanity could make me.
Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The businesse of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Des. If t'were no other.
Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you:
Harke how these Instruments summon you to supper.

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The meate, great Messengers of *Venice* stay;
Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well. *Exit women.*
How now *Rodorigo?* *Enter* Roderigo.

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Euery day thou doffest me, with some deuise *Iago*; and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from me all conueniency, then supplies't me with the least aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it, nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue foolishly suffered.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo?*

Rod. Sir, I haue heard too much,
For your words and performance,
Are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. With nought but trueth: I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes; the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and return'd me expectation, and comforts, of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very well.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot go to (man,) nor 't is not very well; I say t'is very scuruy, and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe known to *Desdemona*; if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe, Ile seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue saide now.

Rod. I, and saide nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this instant, doe build on thee a better opinion then euer before; giue me thy hande *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against mee a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue dealt most directly in thy affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is not with-

Without witte and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now, then euer, I meane, purpose, courage, and valour; this night shew it; if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall commission come from *Venice*,
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd
Here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate,
As the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit and right; he sups to night with a harlotry, and thither will I goe to him; —he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to waste: about it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona Lodouico, Emillia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I doe beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir: —O *Desdemona*.

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Def. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the inſtant, I will be return'd, forthwith diſpatch your Attendant there,—looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He ſaies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to diſmiſſe you.

Em. Diſmiſſe me?

Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
VVe muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Em. VVould you had neuer ſeene him.

Def. So would not I, my loue doth ſo approue him,
That euen his ſtubborneneſſe, his checks and frownes,
(Prethee vnpin me) haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied thoſe ſheets you bad me on the bed.

De. All's one, good father; how fooliſh are our minds;
If I doe die before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Def. My mother had a maid cal'd *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he ſhe lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forſake her, ſhe had a ſong of willow.
An old thing t'was, but it expreſt her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it, that ſong to night
VVill not goe from my mind:
I haue much to doe;
But to goe hang my head all at one ſide, and ſing it like poore *Barbary*; prethee diſpatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Def. No, vnpin me heere.
This *Ledouico* is a proper man.

Em. A very hand ſome man.

Def. He ſpeakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would haue walk'd barefooted to *Paleſtine*, for a touch of his neither lip.

Def-

Deſdemona *ſings.*

The poore ſoule ſate ſighing by a ſicamour tree,
ſing all a green willow,
Her hand on her boſome, her head on her knee,
ſing willow, willow, willow;
The freſh ſtreames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,
ſing willow, willow, willow,
Her ſalt teares fell from her, which ſoftned the ſtones,
ſing willow &c. (Lay by theſe.)
willow, willow.
(Prethee hie thee, he'le come anon.)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his ſcorne I approue:
(Nay, that's not next: harke, who's that knocks?)

Em. T'is the winde.

Def. *I call'd my loue falſe, but what ſayd he then?*
ſing willow, willow willow,
If I court mo women, youle couch with mo men.

So, get thee gon, good night, mine eyes doe itch,
Does that boade weeping?

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I haue heard it ſaide ſo: O theſe men, theſe men:
Doſt thou in conſcience thinke (tell me *Emillia*,)
That there be women doe abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſſe kindes?

Em. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a thing, for all the world?

Em. Why, would not you?

Def. No by this heauenly light.

Em. Nor I neither by this heauenly light;
I might as well doe it in the darke.

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a deed, for all the world?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a ſmall vice.

Def. In troth I thinke thou wouldſt not.

Em. In troth I thinke I ſhould, and vndo't when I had done it,

mary,

mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt-ring, or for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wiues doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And poure our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in peeuish iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs; or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former having in despight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some reuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiues haue sence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is so too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vse vs well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night, heauen me such vses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scœna 1.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iag. HEre stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow;
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons;
Tis but a man gon: forth my sword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry, now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Iewells that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there stand I in much perrill:
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he; villaine thou diest.

Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou know'st;
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. O, I am slaine.

Cas. I am maimd for euer, light ho, murder,

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke, tis euen so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and iust,
That hast such noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me; —minion, your deare lies dead,
And your vnblest fate hies; strumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lusts blood be spotted. *Exit.*

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Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.

Gaſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murder.
Gra. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.
Caſ. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.
Rod. O wretched villaine.
Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.
Rod. No body come, then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Harke.
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons.
Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this that cries on murder?
Lod. I doe not know.
Iag Did not you heare a cry?
Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.
Iag. Whats the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello's* Antient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iag. What are you here that cry ſo grieuouſly?
Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me ſome helpe.
Iag. O me, Lieutenant, what villaines haue don this?
Caſ. I thinke the one of them is here about,
And cannot make away.
Iag. O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in and giue ſome helpe.
Rod. O helpe me here.
Caſ That's one of em.
Iag. O murderous ſlaue, O villaine. *Thruſts him in.*
Rod. O damb'd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, — o, o, o.
Iag. Kill men i'the darke? where be thoſe bloody theeues?
How ſilent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:
What may you be? are you of good or euill?
Lod. As you ſhall prooue vs, praiſe vs.
Iag. Seignior *Lodouico.*
Lod. He ſir.
Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſſio* hurt by villaines.

Gra. *Caſſio.*
Iag. How is it brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iag. Mary heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who i'ſt that cried?
Iag. Who i'ſt that cried?
Bia. O my deare *Caſſio*, O my ſweet *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio.*
Iag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be that thus haue mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus, I haue bin to ſeeke you.
Iag. Lend me a garter, ſo; — oh for a chaire to beare him eaſily hence.
Bia. Alas he faints; O *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio.*
Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſpect this Traſh
To beare a part in this iniurie: patience a while good *Caſſio*;
Come, come, lend me a light:
Know wee this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes ſure; yes, tis *Rederigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice*?
Iag. Euen he ſir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Ia. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners:
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iag. How doe you *Caſſio*? O, a chaire, a chaire.
Gra. *Roderigo*?
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well ſaid, a chaire;
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you miſtriſſe,
Saue you your labour, he that lies ſlaine here, (*Caſſio*,)
Was my deare friend; what malice was betwixt you?
Caſ. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'the aire.

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Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye?
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen? nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter* Emi.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithee *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio* where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?

Bia. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie vpon thee strumpet.

Bia. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.

Em. As I; now fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* dresst;
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light, and* Desdemona *in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers then snow,
And smooth as monumentall alablaster;
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou cunningst patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light relumine: when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needs wither; I le smell it on the tree; *kisses her.*
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword: one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne're so fatall: I must weepe,
But they are cruell teares: this sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes where it does loue: she wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. I, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona?*

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Solicite for it straite.

Des. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that?

Oth. Well, doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I feare you, for y'are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.

Des. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou diest.

Des. That deathe's vnnaturall, that kills for louing;
Alas, why knaw you so your neather lip:

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Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame,
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Deſ. I will ſo, what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchiefe which I ſo lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gaueſt to *Caſio*.
Deſ. No, by my life and ſoule,
Send for the man and aske him.
Oth. Sweet ſoule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. I, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, preſently:
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remoue, nor choake the ſtrong conception
That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.
Deſ. Then Lord haue mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay amen.
Deſ. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life,—neuer lou'd *Caſsio*,
But with ſuch generall warranty of heauen,
As I might loue; I neuer gaue him token.
Oth. By heauen I ſaw my handkerchiefe in his hand:
O periur'd woman, thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And makſt me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice;
I ſaw the handkerchiefe.
Deſ. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſſe a truth.
Oth. He has confeſt.
Deſ. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath—vſde thee.
Deſ. How, vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtop'd.

Honeſt

Honeſt *Iago* hath tane order for't.
Deſ. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?
Oth. had all his haires bin liues,
My great reuenge had ſtomacke for em all.
Deſ. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone,
Oth. O ſtrumpet,—weepeſt thou for him to my face?
Deſ. O baniſh me my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth Downe ſtrumpet.
Deſ. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, an you ſtriue.
Deſ. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being don, there is no pauſe.
Deſ. But while I ſay one prayer. *he ſtifles her.*
Oth. Tis to late. Emillia *calles within.*
Em. My Lord, my Lord, what hoe, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine; —ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.
Oth Yes tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſsios* death;
The noyſe was heere; ha, no more mouing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'le ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:
O inſupportable; O heauy houre.
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge Eclips
Of Sun and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
Em. I do beſeech you I may ſpeake with you,—O good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in *Emillia*:
Soft, by and by; let me the curtaines draw. *Enter* Emillia.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
Oth. What? now?

Em.

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Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?
Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kild? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet reuenge growes harsh.
Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.
Em. Ahlas, what cry is that?
Oth. That, what?
Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Des. Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *she dies.*
Oth. Why how should she be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.
Em. She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,
T'was I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker deuill.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Em Thou doest bely her and thou art a deuill.
Oth. She was false as water.
Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband:

Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That she was false to wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,
If heauen would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,
I'de not haue sold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.
Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made mockes with loue:
My husband say that she was false?
Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; dost vnderstand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.
Em. If he say so, may his pernitious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day; he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as durt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, Ile make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gragantio, Iago, *and others.*
Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?
Em. O, are you come *Iago?* you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false;

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I know thou dist not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?
Iag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake;
My Mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.
All. Oh heauens forefend.
Em. And your reports haue set the murderer on.
Oth. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.
Gra. Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Em. Villany, villany, villany;
I thinke vpon't, I thinke, I smell a villany;
I thought so then; Ile kill my selfe for griefe,
O villany, villany.
Iag. What are you mad? I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake;
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perhaps *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt;
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.
Gr. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe
Shore his old thread in twaine: did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And

And fall to reprobation.
Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it:
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With that recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchiefe, an antique token
My Father gaue my Mother.
Em. O heauen, O heauenly powers.
Iag. Come, hold your peace.
Em. Twill out, twill out: I hold my peace sir, no,
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heauen, and men, and deuils, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.
Iag. Be wise, and get you home.
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?
Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkerchiefe thou speakst on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He beg'd of me to steale it.
Iag. Villainous whore.
Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.
Iag. Filth, thou liest.
Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?
The Moore runs at Iago. Iago *kills his wife.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder? pernitious villaine.
Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kild his wife.
Em. I, I, O lay me by my mistresse side. *Exit* Iago.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.
Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:

Come,

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Come, guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather; Ile after that same villaine,
For tis a damned slaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipster gets my sword:
But why should honour out-liue honesty?
Let it goe all.
Em. What did thy song bode Lady?
Harke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in musicke; *Willow, willow, willow.*
Moore, she was chast, she lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my soule to blisse, as I speake true;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *She dies.*
Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of *Spaine*, the Isebrookes temper:
O here it is; Vncle, I must come forth. Gra. *within.*
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers thigh: I haue seene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop: but O vaine boast,
Who can controule his fate? tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-marke of my vtmost saile.
Doe you goe backe dismaid? tis a lost feare,
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* goe?
How dost thou looke now? O ill star'd wench,
Pale as thy smocke; when we shall meet at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my soule from heauen,
And fiends will snatch at it: cold, cold, my girle,

Euen like thy chastity: O cursed slaue:
Whip me you deuills,
From the possession of this heauenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,
Wash me in steepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O *Desdemona, Desdemone*; dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, *and officers*, Cassio *in a chaire*

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villaine forth,
Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
If that thou beest a deuill I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iag. I bleed sir, but not kil'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my sense tis happinesse to dye.
Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,
Falne in the practise of a damned slaue,
What should be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing.
An honourable murderer if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?
Oth. I.
Ca. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cause.
Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske you pardon;
Will you I pray, demaund that demy deuill,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my soule and body?
Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know;
From this time forth I neuer will speake word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doest best.
Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befa'ne,
Which, as I think you know not: here is a letter,

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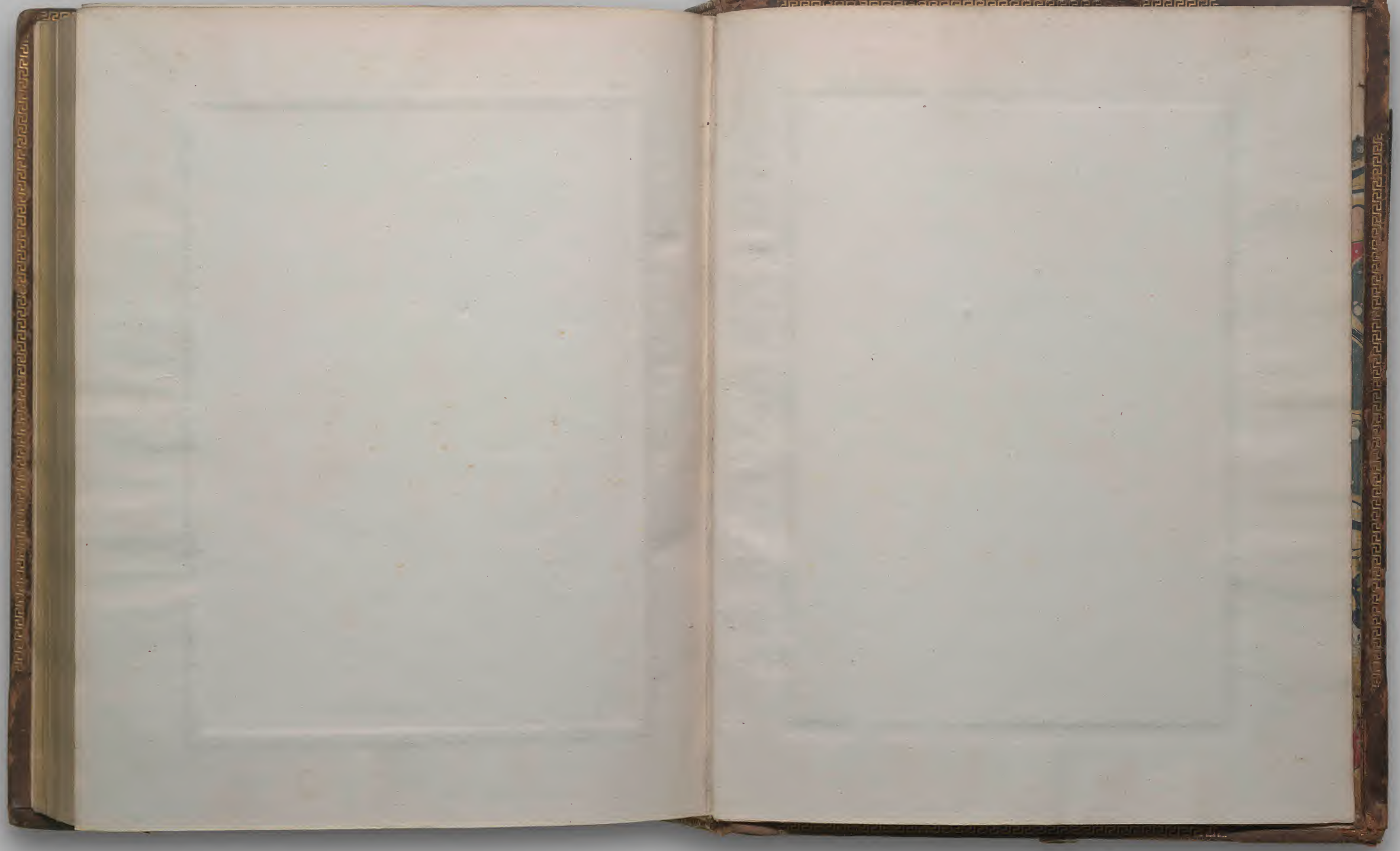
Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Caſsio*, to be vndertooke by *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villaine.
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.
Lod. Now heres another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it ſeemes,
Roderigo meant to haue ſent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious caitieffe!
How came you *Caſsio* by a handkerchiefe
That was my wifes?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelfe confeſt it but euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a ſpeciall purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole.
Caſ. There is beſides in *Roderigoes* letter,
How he obraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was caſt; and euen but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Caſsio* rules in *Cyprus*: For this ſlaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you goe;
I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't:
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe vnlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice: then you muſt ſpeake,

Of

Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one not eaſily iealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame: of one whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whoſe ſubdued eyes,
Albeit vnuſed to the melting moode,
Drop teares, as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinall gum: Set you downe this;
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband *Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him thus. *He ſtabs himſelfe.*
Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's ſpoke is mard.
Oth. I kiſt thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to dye vpon a kiſſe. *He dies.*
Caſ. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
More fell then anguiſh, hunger, or the Sea.
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed,
This is thy worke; the obiect poiſons ſight,
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore,
For they ſucceed to you: To you Lord Gouernour,
Remaines the cenſure of this helliſh villaine,
The time, the place, the torture; O enforce it,
My ſelfe will ſtrait aboord, and to the State,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



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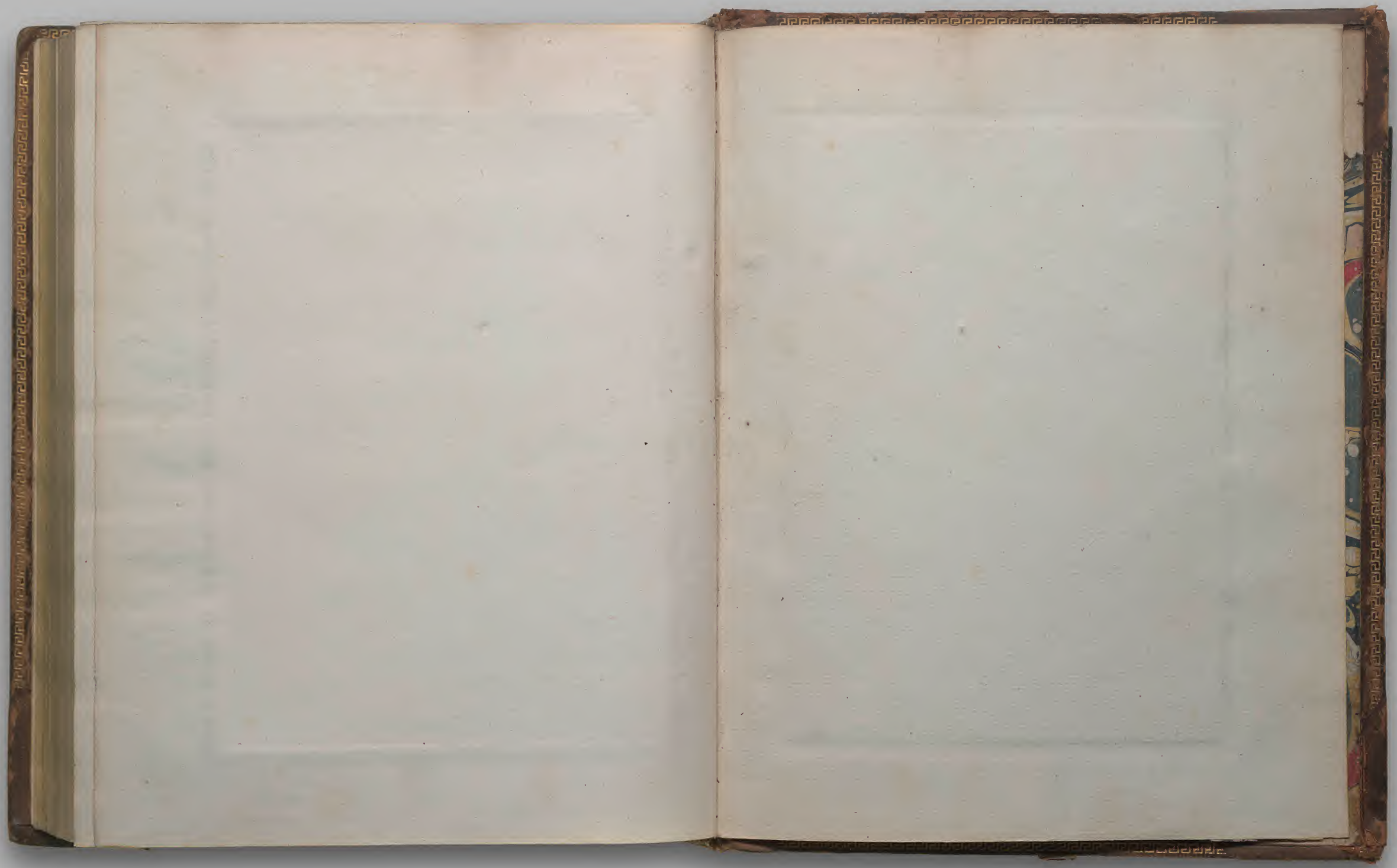

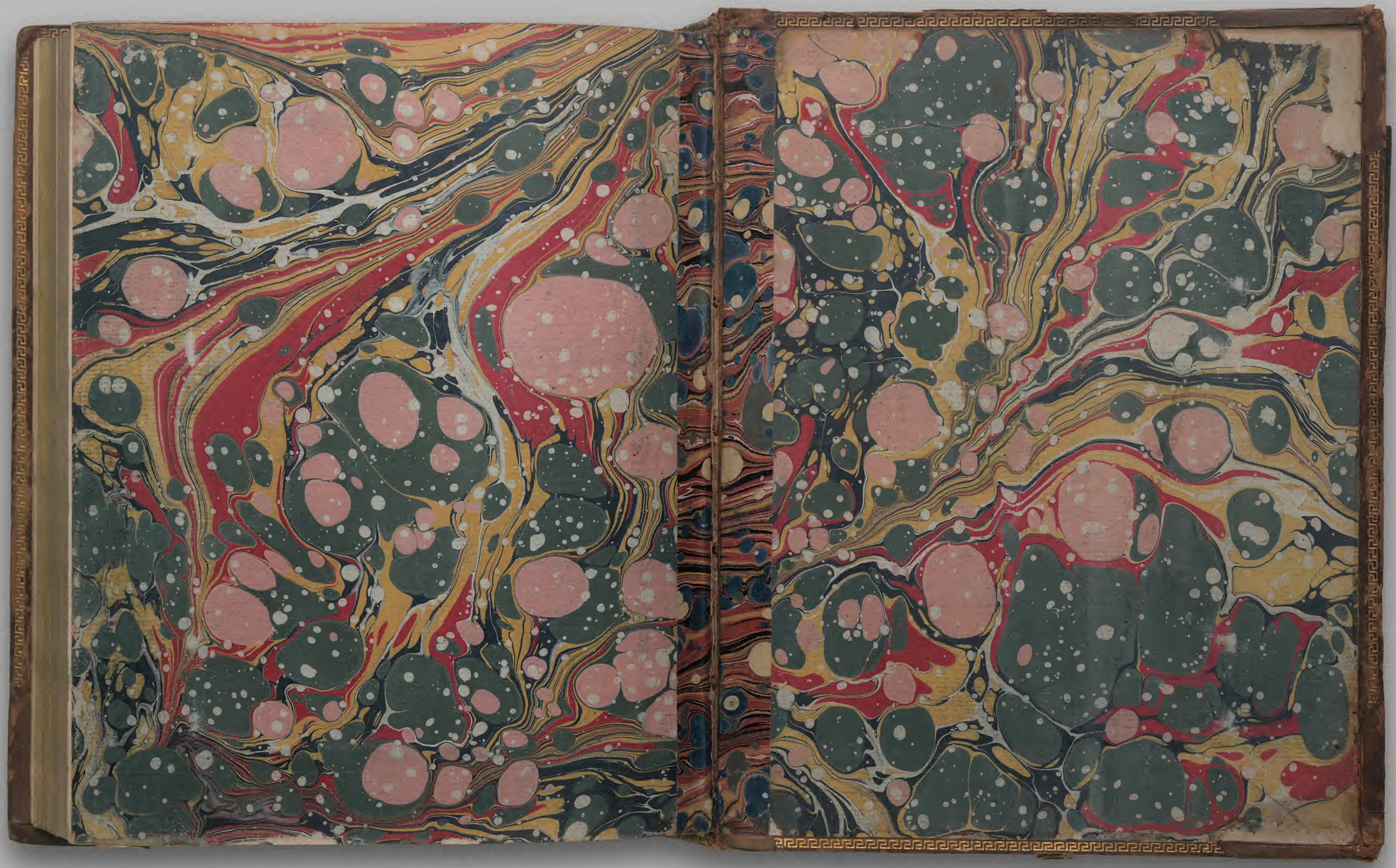

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